

LOVE REVELS

December 25¢

MAGAZINE



Gay,
Breezy,
Lively
Love Stories



... **T**housands
of women have
found this the easy way
TO REDUCE

**WE WANT YOU TO TRY THE
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR
10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE!**

"I REDUCED My Hips NINE INCHES" writes
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inches" writes Miss Brian.

● So many of our customers are delighted with
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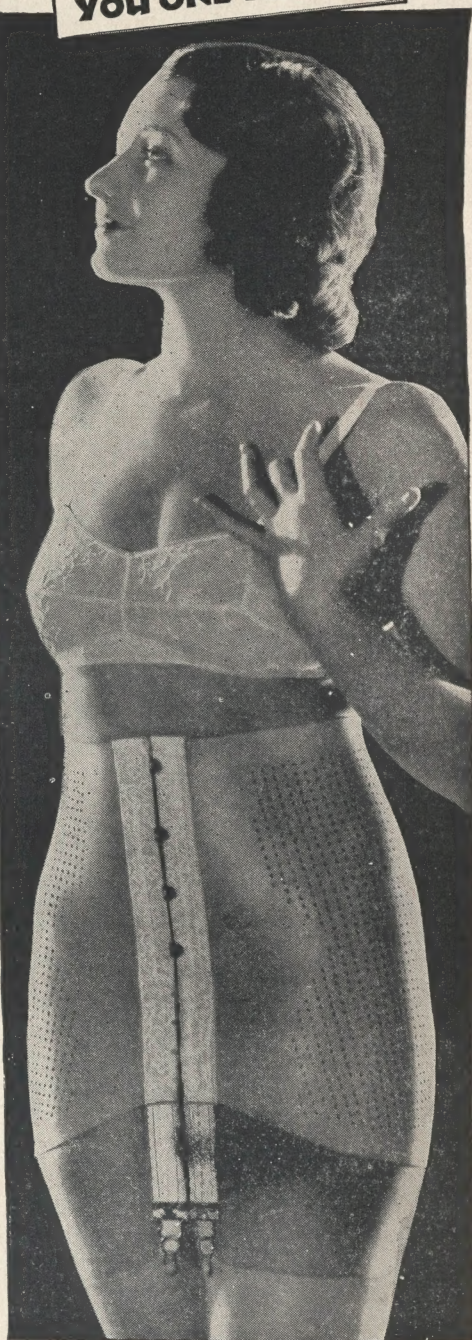
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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

**REDUCE
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3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
OR
IT WON'T COST
YOU ONE PENNY!**



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WOULD HAVE KEPT US FROM WANT

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19	1243	36	786
20	1221	37	759
21	1194	38	734
22	1167	39	708
23	1140	40	682
24	1112	41	657
25	1085	42	632
26	1057	43	607
27	1030	44	583
28	1003	45	559
29	976	46	535
30	948	47	512
31	921	48	487
32	894	49	467
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34	840		

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thousands upon thousands of thrifty, sensible people in every State in the Union. Postal Life has sold \$70,000,000 of insurance through the United States Mails by its economical, direct selling plan.

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Insurance payable to..... Full Name.....

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Name.....

Street and Number.....

City..... State.....

Love Revels

M A G A Z I N E

Gay, Breezy, Lively Love Stories

FRANK ARMER, *Editor*

Volume 1

DECEMBER, 1933

Number 1

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NEXT MONTH—A new collection of bright, youthful love stories in the modern manner by America's foremost writers. Don't miss the *January Love Revels*, on sale at all newsstands November 20th.

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A New Deal

●

LOVE REVELS is published for the reader who is bored with the ordinary run of love stories.

●

In this magazine you will find stories pulsating with love and life as it IS; romances of youth told in the modern manner—stirring, zestful, entertaining.

●

The stories in LOVE REVELS usually contain a note of gaiety—they are *never* dull. They bring the love-life of others to you—always clean and wholesome, yet ardently, passionately alive.

●

Tell us how you like LOVE REVELS. We are reaching for a high standard—the best in red-blooded love fiction. Write us your reactions so that we may better please you with each succeeding issue.

The Editors.

A DATE *for* TONIGHT

By CHAPIN PRATT

"GUEST of the hotel, sir?" The smartly uniformed attendant halted Martin Cavenish at the entrance to the private bathing beach.

Martin assured him that he was, surrendered the small square of identifying pasteboard furnished him at the beach club office, and passed through the gate to the board walk running the length of the beach before the long row of cabanas.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, the

most popular bathing hour, the narrow stretch of sand was well filled. Men in abbreviated trunks, naked above the waist, their dark brown bodies glistening with oil as a protection against the tropic sun—girls in brief one-piece bathing suits or simply shorts with gay bandannas tied about their breasts, gossiped or played at backgammon, or lay inert upon the sand in a determined effort to acquire a winter tan. A life guard moved among the lounging groups setting up bright



*A silvery moon—the lacy fronds of
palms—a lovely girl in a shimmer-
ing gown—the witchery of
a Florida night*



*There was a saucy impertinence
about her bright yellow bathing suit
that held Martin's fascinated atten-
tion.*

hued beach umbrellas and adjusting folding chairs. Beyond the beach the ocean, almost impossibly blue, seemed to stretch fanwise toward the distant horizon, where, against the still deeper blue of the Gulf Stream, the white hulls of the fishing fleet flashed in the brilliant sunshine.

Martin stepped down upon the sand, drawing the folds of his newly acquired beach robe more closely about him. The whiteness of his own skin, contrasting as it did with the ambers and mahogany browns of the half naked bodies about him, made him feel oddly self-conscious. He chose a place upon the beach where he could sit and watch the colorful scene. It didn't seem quite real to him. The cloudless sky, the sunshine, the soft, warm breeze stirring the fronds of lofty palm trees in the gardens behind the cabanas denied the fact that he had left Boston only four days ago in the grip of a February blizzard.

But the human components of the scene seemed even more strange and alien to Martin than its physical aspects. Girls—lovely of face and figure, startlingly seductive in their semi-nudity! Never before had he seen anything to approach them save, perhaps, in the chorus of an infrequently attended Broadway revue. And the men—how was it, he wondered, that they could lounge here in idleness, escaping entirely the strife and the struggle of the workaday world that Martin had come from? They weren't convalescents like himself; this was their normal and accustomed manner of living. A gay, carefree lot of pagan sun worshippers!

Martin had always kept his nose to the grindstone. Work—that had been his creed and his gospel. And he had been fairly successful, successful enough so that the expense of this trip did not matter. But how he had bucked against it when his doctor had ordered it! To leave his office, his business interests, just because an attack of the flu had laid him up for a week or two—it had seemed absurd. But he had begun to wonder as soon as he stepped off the train in Miami if he had not been missing something by a too close devotion to duty. Certainly the surface aspects of this life seemed attractive.

He turned his eyes toward the row of

cabanas. There, beneath brightly striped awnings, gay groups, served by white coated stewards, played cards or gossiped, or sipped cool looking drinks from tall frosted glasses.

A pretty girl in a sailor's jacket, and trousers of flannel flaring wide at the ankles but very tight around hips and thighs, came down the walk with a tray slung on a ribbon over her shoulder. She gave Martin a pert smile. "Cigarets, mister?"

Martin shook his head a little regretfully. He did not use tobacco.

His glance drifted past the cabanas to the steps leading down from the elevated swimming pool. A girl was descending—a brown haired girl whose skin was the clear amber of sunlight, and whose figure, though slender, was impellingly, disturbingly feminine. There was a saucy impertinence about her bright yellow bathing suit and high heeled yellow slippers that drew and held Martin's fascinated attention. For a moment she poised in unconscious grace where the stair turned; then she came lightly, almost gaily down to the walk before the cabanas.

A group seated beneath a cabana awning hailed her as she approached.

"Hello there, Patty!"

"Come in out of the sun."

"Have a drink?"

The girl made laughing answer and joined the group. She dropped into a vacant deck chair, stretching slim, brown legs out before her, and with a little wriggle dropped the straps of her bathing suit from her shapely shoulders. Then she leaned back luxuriously, ankles crossed, her hands behind her head, and gazed out over the beach—straight into the eyes of Martin Cavendish.

Martin felt the hot blood come surging into his face. He turned his head quickly away, feeling that he had been guilty of an unpardonable rudeness. To stare at a girl in full street attire he felt was ungentlemanly, and now to have been detected in his observation of this half clad young woman filled him with confusion. He felt like a Peeping Tom caught at the window of a lady's boudoir.

His ears burning, Martin stared straight before him toward the ocean. He wanted to look around, and yet he dared not.

LOVE REVELS

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After what he considered a suitable interval, he rose and walked away down the beach with the sensation that a thousand eyes were upon him censoriously rebuking his shameful conduct. He took his dip with an effort at nonchalance; then, carefully avoiding any appearance

of looking toward the cabanas, returned to the locker room.

THAT AFTERNOON, because it apparently was the thing to do, Martin went to the races at Hialeah, and this strange, new world went with him—this gay, careless, laughing world that seemed to exist only for pleasure. But, despite the colorful picture that a race track always presents, he did not greatly enjoy himself. He had a sudden sense of his own insufficiency. He was of the crowd but



As they watched, a nymph in a sea-green bathing suit poised at the edge of the pool.

not one with it. He realized that he was as much alone as if he had been in the middle of the ocean.

This feeling was intensified when that evening he followed the crowd into the hotel gardens. There was dancing under the palms. Martin chose a seat at one of the outlying tables about the dancing floor, and ordered a ginger ale because that was the only drink that occurred to him. In the shell shaped orchestra pit a famous conductor was leading his brasses

in hot syncopation. The music had drawn most of the couples away from the tables. Martin sat alone, unutterably lonely.

A girl came out of the shadows behind him, passed close to his table. She paused, threw an inquiring glance over her shoulder, then half turned and stood hesitating. There was laughter in her

(Turn to page 60)

*One horrified glance was enough.
A girl was bending over the table.*





Happy Days

"WHAT KIND OF BATHING SUIT HAS GRACE GOT?"

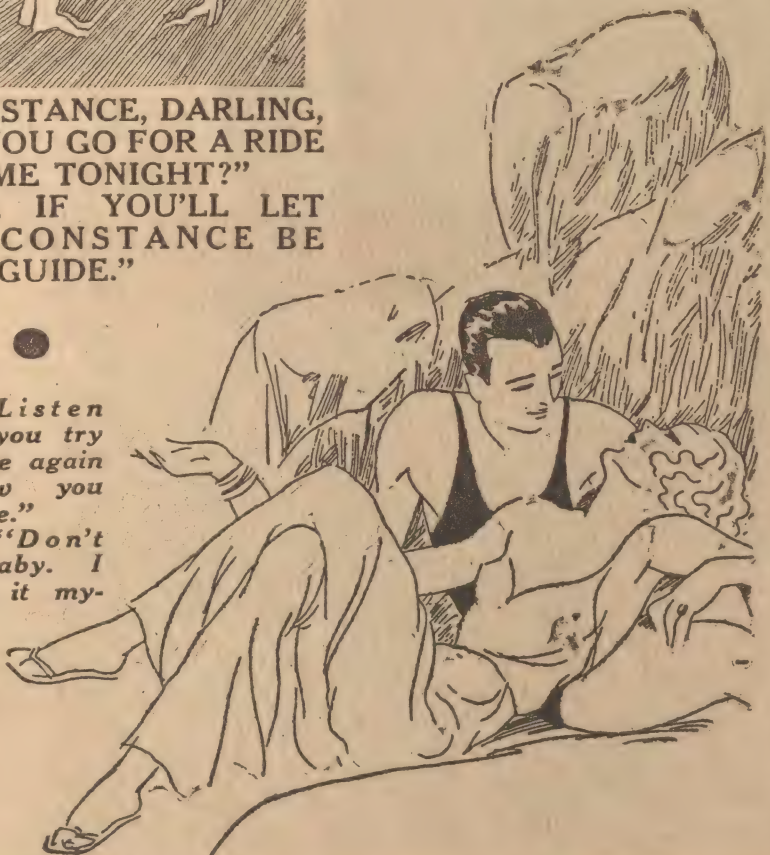
"I COULDN'T SEE, SHE WAS HOLDING A MAGAZINE."

"CONSTANCE, DARLING, WILL YOU GO FOR A RIDE WITH ME TONIGHT?"

"YES, IF YOU'LL LET YOUR CONSTANCE BE YOUR GUIDE."

She: "Listen here, if you try to kiss me again I'll show you your place."

He: "Don't bother, baby. I can find it myself."



FANGS

*A jealous husband seeks
frightful revenge; but was
he right?*

By WILFRED C. MOORE

"YOU have a wonderful little place here, Walter," said the tall, blonde, cool-looking American in ducks and pith helmet. "Who'd have thought it of you, Walt! Down here in old Mexico on a snake farm, with a beautiful Spanish wife. Lord, man, you must be rolling in contentment."

The bronzed face under the Mexican sombrero did not change expression. Walter Winslow had changed since Ed Huntley knew him at college. Winslow had seen hard knocks, had known hate and privation—and now love. And when love comes to a man who has suffered and hated it comes to stay.

"I am happy," Winslow said, with an accent that revealed his proficiency in Spanish. "But, come—you will want to meet my wife, Conchita—and then we will look over the snakes."

Winslow watched Conchita as she rose to meet Huntley in the shady patio. Even she could never know the real depths of his love for her, how she could darken the sun for him with a word. Winslow did not talk much; he served. And Huntley was handsomer than he. Always Huntley had taken his pick of the girls. Was there an undue brightness in Conchita's eyes as she rested her hand in Huntley's? Did the hand remain a second too long? It could not be. He must avoid permitting passion to blind him.

"Oh, señor Huntley!" Conchita was gushing in her hesitant English, "you must remain with us very long time. Walter has spoken of you to me."

"I shall be delighted, Senora Winslow," replied Huntley debonairly, while Winslow's eyes flashed from one to the other.

Never had Conchita looked more beautiful than at that moment, thought Win-

slow. And yet, somehow, he hated her for being so beautiful just then. Why did she have to be wearing that rose in her hair as she had that night in Tia Juana? There was something sardonically fateful it in—as if she wore it for Huntley now.

The conversation languished, or at least Winslow thought so. His own suspicions seemed to be reflected in the attitude of Huntley and his wife. He murmured something about looking over the snake cages, and Huntley followed him out. Why was it that he thought Conchita was looking at Huntley as they left?

"Some beautiful specimens!" effused Huntley as they looked down into a pen, writhing with a grisly red and black horde. Corals they were, deadly poisonous, yet valuable to museums and zoos.

"They are born with poison in their fangs," said Winslow.

Huntley shuddered. "What a death to die—if a man were thrown naked into this pen."

"Yes, Ed," agreed Winslow, "a horrible death—a revenge fit for the gods." And as he said it he knew that he could kill Huntley without a tremor of remorse if he traduced Conchita. Mexico had burned deep his soul as well as his face. . . . "But you'll stay a few days and let us show you some of the sights. An old Spanish mission over there—the painted desert; we could pan a little gold."

"Good old Walt!" Huntley exclaimed, grasping him good-fellowishly by the shoulders. "You always knew the cure for boredom. I know I'm going to enjoy my stay at your rancho. And your wife is a princess! I've always wanted to love a Spanish señorita and here you

have gone and beaten me to it, you old Sphinx!"

Winslow smiled wanly and made the mental reservation that Huntley should not begin his conquest of señoritas with Conchita Winslow....

That night Conchita danced in the patio in her short skirt, bright orange-colored shawl, with the silver tassels reaching to the floor. Two peons strummed guitars. Sipping his wine in the shadows Winslow saw that Huntley was charmed—Huntley the woman hunter whose affairs were legion. Twice Conchita swept up to their guest with a sinuous curtsy that seemed unnecessarily demonstrative. Was the brightness in Conchita's eyes a reflection of that rapt expression on Huntley's face? Winslow struggled silently within himself. He strove to recall other such nights, to compare the brightness of Conchita's eyes when she had danced for him with the light that now shone in them.

Winslow did not sleep that night. He had ever felt inferior to Huntley somehow, and now that his most precious pos-

session was threatened, madness seized him. He could not endure this doubt of Conchita. He must put her to the test—her and Huntley.

"You will stay with Conchita while I am away?" he interrogated Huntley cunningly next morning at breakfast.

Conchita looked her question.

"It is a big catch," he explained—"a fine coral male. If I do not go the peons are liable to let it die."

"I'll be delighted to play the don for your rancho!" Huntley acceded jovially, and Winslow could have added: "Yes, and the don to my duenna."

He was to be gone two nights, but on the first night he stole back to the rancho. Watching from an abandoned adobe hut not far from the hacienda, he saw a light in Conchita's bedroom. His heart pained

(Turn to page 59)



Huntley was standing before the couch with Conchita in his arms.

Life Is Like That

**EVER HEAR OF
THE DUMB SUR-
GEON WHO PUT A
PATIENT TO SLEEP
FOR AN OPERATION
AND THEN STARTED
TO CUT UP WITH
NURSE?**



Bo: "You're really a very nice girl."

Flo: "Yes, I know it, and I'm tired of it."



SHE: "GLORIA
TOLD ME I COULD
BE A GOOD CHORUS
GIRL."

HE: "THAT'S AN
IMPOSSIBILITY!"

JEALOUSY

*Circumstantial evidence
sometimes hangs a man—
even, sometimes, a woman*

By M. J. ANDRADE

BERTRAND waited nearly two hours in the dark hallway until his wife descended the stairs and disappeared through the street door. He knew which apartment she had been visiting: by adroit listening he had traced her voice, mingled with that of a man, murmuring adieux.

Swiftly he mounted the stairs, and pausing before a door on the second floor, rapped sharply. There was a stir within and almost immediately the door was thrown open. A tall young man with wavy dark hair, his shirt-sleeves rolled to the elbow, looked inquiringly at his excited visitor.

"I'd like to speak with you," said Bertrand calmly enough.

"Sure. Come in," said the young man.

Bertrand entered the room without observing the details of its furnishings. "I just saw my wife leave here," he began abruptly.

"Oh!" The young man appeared somewhat confused. He shut the door and mechanically searched for a cigaret.

"You heard me say *my wife!*"

"I heard you. Well....I congratulate you. She has many beautiful points. Her skin...."

"You——!" Bertrand spluttered for want of words. He struggled to maintain his dignity. "She is not to return again."

The young man uttered an exclamation of disappointment. "I'm sorry. I was doing my best to satisfy her."

"What?"

"Like so many women, she's hard to please. Probably you yourself know that," the young man went on chattily.

"Well, of all the confounded——," stuttered Bertrand.

"As a matter of fact, she's only been here three times. If you'd let her come once more I think I'd be through with her."

"Oh, you would?" Bertrand was beginning to regret his decision not to bring a revolver....the first time.

"Do you mean....she is paying you?" Bertrand asked breathlessly.

The young man laughed huskily. "Of course. You don't suppose I'd give my services free, do you? Why, I'd have every woman in town running after me——"

"She *paid* you?"

"Not all. She said she'd have to pay it in installments, as she didn't want you to find out."

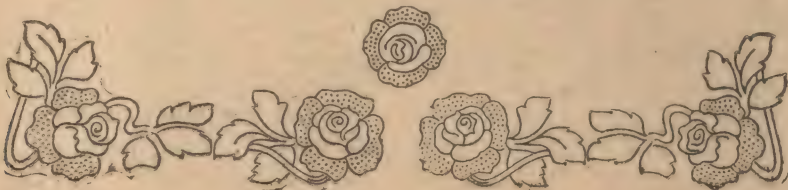
"Now that was considerate!"

"Of course if my price is too high I could reduce it by leaving out the frame."

"The frame?"

"The frame for your wife's portrait, of course," said the young artist crossly. He glanced at the blank face of his visitor. "However, your wife was anxious to have it framed for your birthday present."

Bertrand was backing out of the apartment. "Oh, have it framed by all means! Yes; I ought to be framed," he muttered.





"I like you—you've got everything. I'm Mortenson," he said, as if that explained everything.

MARY KIRSCHWALDER, who remembered when she had been called Mary Kelly, carried her baskets of newly gathered eggs to the farm truck. The two puffy-faced Kirschwalder men brought the last of the milk cans from the barn. Aunt Gladys, a vast, untidy woman in clothing more shapeless than herself, barged through the kitchen door with her tub of sweet butter. And Otto Senior climbed awkwardly on to the truck, where his obese son was slowly wedging himself into position in the driver's seat.

The early morning was in Mary's blood; sun, and cool breeze, and riotous spring. She should have been a figure of fun or of despair in her heavy dress,

black apron, nailed, cowhide shoes, and ugly brown sunbonnet, but there was nothing pathetic nor laughable about her. Instead, her slender figure was like that of a poised dancer, and her hooded face flamed its message of mocking defiance at the two men. Her whole pose was so like that of some young wild thing, facing danger unafraid, that the two pairs of pig-eyes bent upon her from the truck glowed, the elder eyes with something like a passion of hate, the younger with a hog's sensual covetousness.

"I want," Otto Senior squealed in a voice that enhanced his resemblance to the porcine family, "you should weed the onions and radishes in your spare time this mornin', young woman. And when



GOING UP

*Winged romance comes to a girl almost
drowned in the swamp of despair*

By R. C. PITZER

we git home fr'm the county seat you let me catch you with them hen-houses not cleaned out! Wheelbarrer the manure out to the pile I got near them berry bushes, but don't you spread none out. You're such a dumm fool you'd burn the roots up."

"You ain't bossin' her no more; it's me that tells her what to do." Otto Junior's voice was as high-pitched as his father's. Together they sounded like feeding-time in the hog-pen. "You take it easy this mornin', Mary. Git your best dress——. Ma, Mary ain't got no best dress. You fix her up in some of your duds, you hear me? I ain't marryin' no woman out'n the chicken yard. Anyhow, you'll need her in the kitchen. Preacher Hursht 'll be with us. You git us up a slap-bang weddin' dinner, Ma, and see 't Mary gits a good scrub-off after she finishes with them weeds."

The rattle-trap truck started with a roar that threatened to upset the milk cans and break the eggs in their baskets. The high squeals of father and son in hot argument faded out down the weedy lane. Still, Mary Kirschwalder who had been Mary Kelly stood taut and still, a little secret smile on her red lips and the light of defiance in her Irish-blue eyes.

"Clothes, huh!" The gross face of Aunt Gladys was more cow than pig, but her bovine eyes were quite as hostile as her husband's. "He thinks I'll put my good clothes on a work-house brat! Ain't it enough to let you get called by a Christian name instead of Kelly? And not only get called by it. Not you! You got to get my son to give you the name for real. And not satisfied with me lettin' you call me Aunt Gladys, you'll want to call me Ma. Don't; that's all. And my clothes is mine till I die in them; don't



She floated out on the close-cropped grass of the sheep pasture.

you forget it. You git out to the chicken house like Pa said."

Still Mary smiled her secret little smile. Without replying she caught up a small basket, picked her clumsy skirts from about her feet, and went toward the wood lot back of the chicken runs and barns. Indeed, she almost danced toward that cool, green and beckoning shelter, for neither present humiliation nor impending calamity could still the joy of life in her. Not even three years of the sour bread of Kirschwalder slavery in the name of charity could do that. Her happy-hearted mother—her dancing mother—seeking health in the farm country and leaving a friendless daughter of fourteen to the cold, distrustful charity of county commissioners, had said that there was always an "out." That particular "out"—a theatrical dream of pastoral life, with chickens paying the bills and the sun working magic with violet rays—had become, as the older Mary Kelly wise-cracked with her last breath, "down and out." "But when you're at

the bottom, chicken, there's no place to go but up."

Fourteen-year-old Mary Kelly had loved to be called "chicken." But as seventeen-year-old Mary Kirschwalder passed the chicken runs on her way to the woodlot she gave her egg basket a disdainful heave that sent it among squawking fowl. "All right," she said aloud, "if there's no place to go but up,

I'm on my way." She began to hum a gay little song that her mother had danced to before the days of the red cough.

AS SHE ran through the cool, shadowy woods Mary was like a coryphee in a transformation scene. Sunbonnet and black apron sailed through the air, birds of ill-omen that fled from her and fell among bushes and were forgotten. Her work-reddened hands went over her shoulders and clutched at the heavy dress remade from one of Aunt Gladys' discarded garments. At the edge of the woodlot she poised on one slender leg and sent a clumsy shoe crashing into the underbrush. The other shoe followed. Thick cotton stockings caught on the limb of a tree and hung snakelike over her head. She glanced at them mockingly. "Santa Claus," she sang, "fill them up!" With that she floated rather than merely danced out upon the close-cropped grass of the Kirschwalder sheep pasture, sloping gently downward to the muddy spring overflow of Swadara Creek.

There was a small flock of sheep in the center of the green. Mary moved through and around and over them in a strangely unreal pastorate. The set smile remained on her curved lips, but her eyes darkened as she danced, and her glances creek-ward became increasingly frequent. Her light, almost ash-blond hair came unbound from the ugly knot that Aunt Gladys insisted upon as the only respectable way for a woman to wear her hair, and a three-year growth of gossamer floated above her intent face and whipped windily about her weaving arms. Even the sacklike thing of white cotton that swathed her from neck to knee, again by Aunt Gladys' stern order, became somehow but misty drapery for her flashing figure, as she whirled in that wild and yet fairylike dance of spring that was to end at the foot of the green pasture, where muddy Swadara was waiting.

The hum of a far-away plane was at first little more than the breeze through the woodlot. It became distinct, and lifted to a high thrum that Mary, even

in the absorption of her mood, must have become aware of. Yet she danced the more madly, a breath of the morning, a whirl of young life, a rhapsody of music made visible instead of audible; white Spring with her Flock, as in the days when the world was young.

The plane dipped almost to the tops of the ancient oaks that sentineled the Kirschwalder woodlot, zoomed above the sheep pasture, and hawklike began to course in a wide circle about the cropped field of green. It was then that Mary Kelly came to a marbled immobility among the sheep, her arms outspread in an imploring gesture, almost a prayer, and her body bowed backward until her loosened hair fluttered about her hips.

The first time that plane had gone over Mary had been dancing on the green as now. Then, too, it had been early morning, but cloudy, and in her joy of life and eagerness to forget if only for a moment the weary round of tasks behind and before her she had slipped away to the meadow in order that her body might remember what her mother had taught it. For three years, when rare opportunity came to her, Mary had danced in this hidden nook her stolen moments of life in the midst of a living death. The plane, flying cautiously under a low ceiling, had thundered over the Kirschwalder homestead, over Mary, like a pagan hamadryad with upreaching arms, and had passed on to the horizon. But though she had not danced again it had come back every morning since then, frightening chickens, rousing farm dogs, and once almost causing a runaway where Otto Junior walked behind a plow. The effect had been so disastrous to the Kirschwalder morale that Otto Senior had penned out, painfully, a letter of complaint to the Cole County News, on the lawlessness of airplane rowdies, who broke God's laws of gravitation in order to invade the privacy of good Christians to their nervous hurt and monetary detriment. Otto even thought of consulting a lawyer as to the possibility of collecting damages.

The circling plane banked, dived as if it were pointed directly toward the Nio-bean dancer, and swept past not a hundred feet above her head to skim the

tree tops beyond. Before she realized it, it was gone, and a beribboned bunch of white violets had fallen almost at her feet. She stared blankly, hopelessly, at the diminishing black point in the sky, watched it, indeed, until it had become hardly more than a period against the blue, while its high song of triumphant progress had fallen to mingle at last unheard with the soughing of the spring wind in green boughs. The intent look in her eyes faded; for a moment even the mechanical smile was gone. Her face was drawn, old, more like her mother's in those last red days than her own. Then with a laugh she stooped to the violets, caught them up against her shoulder, and resumed her dance. But though the grace and beauty remained, the fire was gone. It was a sadly moving corymb who wove in cadenced beat of white limbs toward the Swadara.

There was a shout from the woodlot, a squeal, rather, and a crashing of underbrush as if a bull were breaking through. But, instead, it was a human pig. Otto Senior plunged into the open, glared for a moment in absurd, open-mouthed horror at what he saw, then ran faster than could have been imagined by his appearance, with heavy boots thumping the ground, and arms waving as if to curse or strike. Through his gaping mouth a high-pitched squeal was hardly more than punctuated by an occasional gasping breath. Sheep scrambled to their feet and bolted in all directions before the man's charge. It was like some mechanical monster plunging stiff-leggedly forward, while steam screamed from the thing's safety-valve.

Mary's mournful dance faltered, ceased, and she looked about her in something like panic. The creek was now within a stone's throw. She darted to the brink, whirled, and gestured a warning.

"If you come any nearer," she called, "I'll throw myself in."

Well, she was going to do that anyhow. She could almost hear her mother's voice, "When you're at the bottom, chicken, there's no place to go but up." And the only way up, so it seemed, was to go without this gay young body of hers, this dancing body that her mother

had given her. Better for it to be stained with the filth of muddy Swadara than the filthier caresses of this hog's greedy son.

Kirschwalder halted. His great hands were outstretched, with dirty and work-deformed fingers opening and closing as if they could almost feel the girl's soft throat within their grasp. The screaming, squealing rage that convulsed him merely changed the inarticulate noises into outpoured words. Mary moved one step backward. Her left foot sank at once to the ankle in the wet muck that edged Swadara's overflow, and the farmer's squealing ceased abruptly.

"I can't swim," Mary said, with a voice that grew stronger and more confident as the man seemed actually to be listening to her; "but if I could you know how long I'd last in this freshet. I'm through, and I know it. I'm as far down in life as my body will be when it's buried in channel mud. Even in hell there's a way out—there's a way up."

"You mean," Otto Senior gaped, "you—you don't want to marry my son? You'd git yourself drowned first?"

Mary's confidence returned in full. She laughed. "I mean a thousand things that you could never understand. Pigs don't know much about humans. I mean that like my mother before me I'm a dancer, not a farm slavey. I've gathered eggs and weeded garden and cleaned chicken houses and scrubbed and scoured and washed dirty clothes by order of the court for three years—three years of hell because my mother was a dancer and died without benefit of currency. Well, I could get through all that, waiting till I was eighteen and free. But you want to change me into a pig, too, make me a mother of pigs, and I'm going to climb out of your filthy sty and away from your filthy son. No," she added more calmly, "I don't want to marry him. I'm not going to. I'm not going down; I'm going up. Are you surprised?"

The farmer let out his breath till it whistled. His narrow eyes became still smaller and more glittering as he studied the wild dryad—nymph, now—at the edge of the stream. "Wish I could believe you," he muttered. "But I don't. Females like your ma and you ain't



"My clothes is mine 'till I die in 'em; don't forget it. Now, get out."

nothin' but lurers. You lured my son, knowin' what a soft life you'd have with him hirin' off'n me everything I've got. And Ma and me knowed you couldn't be true and faithful, even to a good boy like Otto. It ain't in you. Ma's been noticin' how you pretend to be workin' with the chickens, 'r in the garden, an' slip out unbeknownst to us to meet some lewd feller or another here in the medder. Maybe more'n one, I wouldn't put it beyond you."

His gaze darted over the pasture land. "Where's he hidin' himself? In the woods? I ain't goin' to hurt him," he added, with a broken-toothed grin. "I'm just goin' to catch him and show him to my son and Preacher Hursht. You, too. Half naked, just like you are now." He wet his lips, and with that his glittering eyes changed their expression. "I told Ma I was goin' to find an excuse to leave Otto go on alone," he added, "while I

slipped back to the medder an' caught you. But I didn't expect to find nothin' quite as awful ungodly as this. You with no clothes on, to speak of, like the lawyers say caught in flogranty delicu."

As he spoke the farmer was craftily edging down stream. "That means," he translated, "that you need a floggin' and a lickin', and"—his voice rose to a squeal—"I'm the righteous man who's goin' to give it to you, you Jezebel!"

Mary escaped his lunge by inches, but not as she had planned by plunging backward into the swift flow of the Swadara. Instead, she instinctively bounded forward across the cropped grass, and was half way to the woods before she realized with a pang of dismay that she had not fulfilled her brave resolution of "going up," but instead had put the farmer between herself and her one hopeless hope of escape. He was following, clumsily but swiftly, snatching at the whipped ash-blond hair almost within his grasp, and squealing vile epithets at her of which the Biblical Jezebel was the least offensive.

Neither of them noticed for the moment a low hum that lifted until the whole land seemed to be echoing to it, as a plane roared out of the horizon and

(Turn to page 56)



"I suppose," he ventured, "you're very proud of your family tree."

"Er, no," she stammered, "it's rather shady."

A GRAND PLACE for a HONEYMOON

*Where a lovers' quarrel may lead, none
can guess*

By ESTHER L. SCHWARTZ

THE little girl in the short lapin coat seemed to be running away from danger, glancing behind continually. Apparently the road was deserted, the sky gray and threatening, a storm obviously on the way.

A car rounded the bend of the road and slowed up as it neared the girl.

"Like a lift?" asked one of the rather forbidding-looking men in the car.

"No thanks," said the girl, and shivered.

"Better come in. Pretty bad storm's comin'."

"I'll be all right. Thanks just the same."

She watched the proffered lift disappear, and her relief was tempered with a new fear—that of being snowed under on an unfamiliar road in the Adirondacks. In summer the road had been crowded with traffic, but in the past hour she had seen only two cars go by.

Her feet ached, and her hands in their soft suede gloves were like ice. Her clothes weren't the right kind for a long hike in the snow. But she'd rushed out in such a hurry that she had paid no attention to the inadequacy of what she was wearing.

In mingled relief and fear, she looked up as another car at last came into sight. It was big and glittering and new, and the young man at the wheel looked as big and pleasant as the car did. The girl's face remained stony, aloof, as the car stopped beside her.

"Like a lift?" the man asked, just as the other had done.

"No, thank you." Her tone was colder than her hands. After one swift glance at the pleasant young man at the wheel she stared straight ahead.

He took in her light apparel, her littleness, her fragile prettiness, her only too apparent inability to cope with the coming storm.

"Listen here, you'd better get in," and his tone ordered and commanded. "You won't find many chances for a lift at this time of year. You'd better get in."

"You leave me alone, you hear?" she cried, turning on him in sudden anger. "I'm walking! I said I don't care for your lift!"

A state trooper, rounding the curve, came upon them just then, and watched the two with interest.

"This guy ain't bothering you, is he?" he asked, pulling short.

He was a big, burly fellow, with cheeks bitten scarlet by the cold. The girl saw no chance of riding with him on his motorcycle, and the swift flakes of snow which were already beginning to fall disconcerted her. She leaned against the big car suddenly in a chummy, gay attitude, quickly assumed.

"Of course he's not bothering me! He's a good friend of mine," she smiled.

She climbed into the seat next to the pleasant young man, and the trooper drove off, chugging noisily down the road, shaking his head.

"Beautiful country roundabout," the young man said cheerily. "Swell place in the summer time, but rather deserted this time of year."

"So I notice," shortly.

"Going any place in particular?"

"I was going to the railroad station, but I won't be able to make it."

"I could take you there, but there's a pretty bad storm coming. I'd better not. I'd suggest you come to my shack with

The thrill of his nearness—his arms around her—came over her in a rush.



me and wait until the storm's over. I won't mind driving you then—anywhere you say."

She stared at him quite coldly, her blue eyes smoldering. He returned her gaze with a disarming smile, which only served, somehow, to make her colder and angrier than ever.

They drove along in silence, the heavy flakes now coming down thick and fast. Soon the ribbon of the road was hardly discernible from the rest of the white blanket which covered everything. The man stopped before a tiny unpainted shack, and helped the girl to alight. She drew her hand away angrily, when he pressed it lightly as he helped her out of the car.

He covered the radiator of his car carefully, and then opened the door of the shack, with a bit of a flourish. The girl looked up rather questioningly, and then followed him inside.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he promised. "Don't be afraid."

"Cute little place," she observed sarcastically, coming into the one room of the shack, and looking about appraisingly but quizzically.

"Suits me. Ideal place for a honeymoon, don't you think? Look out of those windows. Isn't the country beautiful? Did you ever see such a view? Doesn't it make you feel as though you and I were all alone in the wilderness?"

"Alone in the wilderness," she repeated bitterly, her voice thickening.

"A grand place for a honeymoon," he again insinuated.

"You told me not to be afraid, that you wouldn't hurt me!" It was easy to see that she was almost in tears.

"I won't! You're as safe from my wiles as though you were in your mother's arms, young lady!"

He went over to the field-stone fireplace

and began to pile kindling wood on the glowing embers. In a moment a cheerful blaze filled the room with comforting warmth.

"Might as well take off your things. Looks like a long siege. You may have to be here for quite a while!"

The girl stamped her little foot in anger, but began to take off her short coat. The man came over to her side and attempted to help her.

"Don't touch me!" she spat at him.

"Excuse me! I didn't mean any harm. You're a mighty pretty kid to be traveling deserted roads alone, you know."

"I wish you wouldn't pay any attention to me! You know I accepted your hospitality only because there was nothing else for me to do!"

"Yes, that's so. Well, I assure you I'll be the gallant gentleman. I won't harm a hair of that lovely golden head.

But I can't help noticing that it's cute, can I?"

"Oh, let me alone!"

She sat down, rather miserably, on a chair by the window, watching the swift-falling snowflakes. The snow was getting deeper by the minute.

"We'll soon be pretty well snowed in," the man offered politely. "You may not be able to get out of here for a week."

"Heaven forbid!"

She stared about the little room. There was only one wide couch, and not even a chair big enough for her to curl up in. She couldn't ask the man to sit up all night, and it would be very cold, if she had to do it herself. She glanced up at him in sudden bitterness, and then looked out of the window drearily again.

"I'm hungry. Care to join me?" He manipulated a small oil stove in a corner



"This guy ain't bothering you, is he?"

with a careless clatter.

"No, thanks. I'd rather starve!"

"That's silly. I wouldn't let a dog starve, let alone a pretty little thing like you. I haven't much to offer you, of course, but even bacon and eggs and a can of beans goes well on a cold evening. It's getting dark. I just realized that I haven't had a bite to eat since morning."

Neither had she. The smell of the bacon, as it crackled and sputtered in the pan, reminded her forcibly of that. Its inviting odor, and the fragrance of the coffee the man was percolating, seemed frightfully tempting.

"Better change your mind," he drawled, as he dished the food onto two plates. He put both on a small bridge table before the crackling fire.

The girl watched him eat his own portion in silence. He smiled in her direction, waving forkfuls of tempting, luscious morsels in her hungry face. The empty, aching void at her slim waistline shrieked to be noticed.

"Might as well have something," he urged. "Might be a long time till you get a better offer."

She relented, when the pain in her stomach told her she couldn't hold out much longer. She sat down, and between greedy bites watched the good-looking young man. He had nice teeth, she thought, and a sunny smile. And obviously, a most pleasant disposition.

He was watching her covertly. His eyes followed the youthful, rounded lines of her figure, outlined so plainly in her sleezy sweater and clinging skirt.

"Excuse my noticing it, but that sweater fits you like a bathing suit," he remarked casually.

"You promised you'd not bother me—"

"Oh, I won't! But I just couldn't help telling you, that's all."

The food made her feel much better. She wasn't half so angry at the young man now. Swallowing the delicious hot coffee, she felt almost affectionate toward him, grateful for his goodness to her.

"I'll do the dishes," she offered magnanimously.

"Nothing doing. You're my guest to-night. I'll do them myself. But you can sit here where I can look at you once in a while. You're mighty easy on the eyes."

"Handy man around the house, aren't you?" she sneered, ignoring his remark.

"You said it! Want to give me a job?"

"No, thanks! As it happens, I haven't got a house to keep a handy man in!"

"A pretty girl like you could always share mine—"

"You've said that before."

The dishes were finished. Night had fallen, and it was hard to stay bitter with a companion so delightfully complimentary and eager to please as the gay young man. Watching the girl covertly, he began to undress.

She raised one smooth eyebrow questioning, and he went behind a dark leather screen, emerging soon after in pajamas and woolly bathrobe.

"Sorry I haven't any accommodations for strangers—"

"Wish I weren't a stranger," she flushed. "I didn't mean that!" she quivered, as he followed up her words masterfully.

He came closer, and lifted her heart-shaped face so that her wide blue eyes had to meet his.

"Say you meant it, won't you? What's the use of keeping this up any longer? You can't get away for several days, and we might as well take advantage of them. You admit this is an ideal place for a honeymoon—"

The thrill of his nearness, his arms around her so tightly, came over her in a rush. She leaned against his breast and wept, and he held her tight. But after a moment he began to kiss her hungrily, and she drew his head down to hers and met his mouth with hungry abandon.

"Oh, honey, after the way we quarreled this morning I swore I'd never be your wife again," she sobbed.

"After a while we'll both learn," he said tenderly. "But tell me, precious, isn't it a darling little place for a honeymoon?"



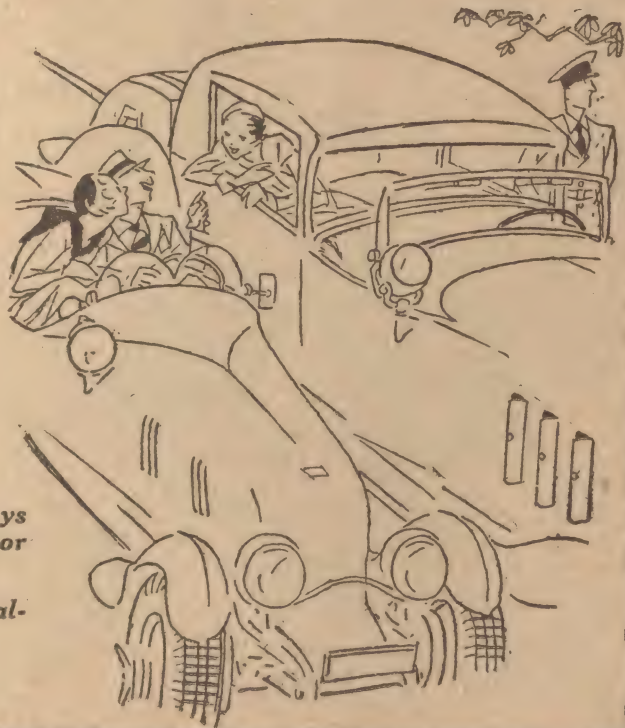


Here and There



VI: "WHY DID
YOU BUY THAT
REFEREE'S WHIS-
TLE?"

DI: "I HAVE A
DATE WITH
A FOOTBALL
PLAYER TO-
NIGHT."



*She: "Do you always
take the other girls for
such long rides?"*

*He: "No, it isn't al-
ways necessary."*

"My God—you found it!"



KEEPSAKE

Can a romance be wrecked by false appearances?

By DON STUART

IT WAS at breakfast that Lola reminded her husband he was to meet her at five at the apartment of Paul Mallinson, the interior decorator who was doing over their country place. At first John Anderson demurred, but a little of Lola's cajolery and he agreed.

Later, going downtown in his car, Anderson wondered why he didn't refuse Lola everything—at first. She always paid for her victories, and the payments would have warmed the heart of a Shylock.

What he never noticed, for all his keen perception of other matters, was that Lola never squandered her affections spontaneously. Her idle frivolity was to him an expression of what she stirred in him; her popularity with the younger men a tribute to her beauty and vivacity. People

whispered the usual innuendoes but none reached the ears of John Anderson. It would have taken more courage than the usual scandal-monger possesses to suggest open infidelity, and Anderson's close friends were of the same blunt, inarticulate type as himself.

Still, Lola was the only thing in his life he took for granted. His sharp, active mind, when Lola was absent, was all for business. When she was present his mind closed and he lived in his senses.

It was so this morning. Before the car had gone a block his business day had started. It closed when he glanced at the clock in the afternoon and remembered his engagement.

He arrived at Mallinson's apartment to find it empty, but the boy admitted him at Mallinson's order. He paced rest-

lessly about for some time. Strange rooms made him uncomfortable and he hated waiting for people. He was standing in the doorway of the single bedroom when Lola came in with Mallinson:

"Sorry, Anderson," the host apologized quickly, "Lola and I couldn't find the drapes we wanted."

"Have you been waiting long, dear?" Lola smiled at her husband and began rummaging in her bag.

"Didn't mind," Anderson answered. "Been looking over your place, Mallinson. Quite a cozy little nest. What's the matter, dear," he asked casually of his wife, "Lose something, as usual?"

"Why, no, I—"

"Then what are you scrambling after? What have you lost now?" His voice became sterner. He liked to tease her. "Well, you needn't worry. I've probably found it, as I usually do."

"But you couldn't have," Lola was oddly insistent, "It's only my handkerchief! I left it—" She bit her lips and

a sudden pallor overspread her face. "I—I left it at home."

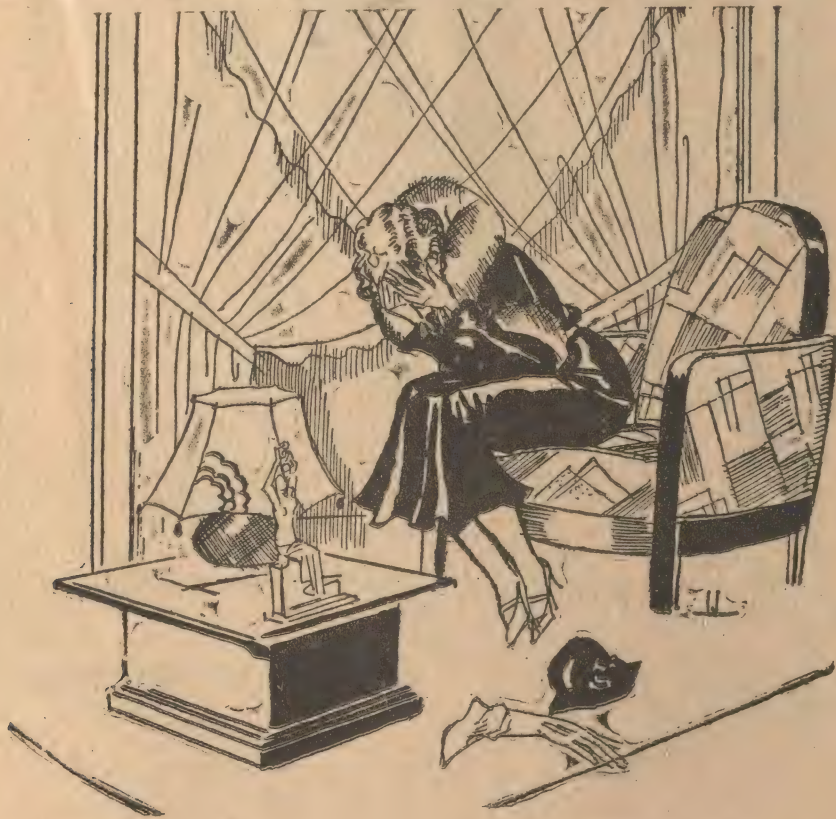
Anderson slipped his hand into his pocket. "Not this handkerchief. You see—"

"My God, you found it—" Lola's eyes turned wildly toward Mallinson's bedroom.

Just like that it was out and they were waiting. Lola stiff and white, Mallinson blanched and shaken, waiting for the cold, lifeless-eyed man to produce an innocent bit of fluff.

But Anderson only withdrew his hand from his pocket, clenched and white-knuckled. He glanced down at his tight fist and opened his fingers. A fragment of worn silk puffed out in his palm. Slowly, unseeing, like a man walking in vague, uncharted places, he twisted it apart and watched it flutter to the floor as Lola stood in stunned realization of her hysterical blunder.

"No Lola, I didn't find it—here. That was a keepsake of yours I've carried next my heart for fifteen years."



PAJAMAS

*A hilarious tale of college life, love
and intrigue on the
campus*

TWO thousand students at Snowden College turned and looked whenever they passed Dean Manwaring's pretentious residence. For there in his garden, white and shining, was a life-sized statue. Venus—in the Dean's garden!

Manwaring could well afford white Venuses, either alive or in stone, for besides being a Dean, he was a millionaire. But stone Venuses were to be revered and enshrined—while living Venuses were to be haled before the disciplinary committee and expelled.

In short, the Dean was a blue-nose.

Grant Walker never passed the mansion without a feeling of resentment. Manwaring unceasingly carped on morals, continually exhorted the Youth of Snowden College to be pure in mind and deed—and yet he placed a nude Venus in his garden, where the collegiate eye, ever receptive, might feast at will. Perhaps the wizened-up old Dean loved



on VENUS

BY NIGEL STUART



Grant bounded up the stairs, directly into the arms of Barbara.



*At exactly three o'clock
Venus was buttoned up in
Grant's pajama jacket.*

beauty, after all, but why was it an established fact that sooner or later every pretty girl that ever came to Snowden was expelled?

But this Venus! Grant glanced side-long at it as he whistled along his way. Lovely, he'd admit, but should be in a museum, and not on a college campus.

To Hell with it! To Hell with it all, the whole damned hypocritical mess, from Prexy down to the clerk who padded the payrolls. If he could only manage to stick it out till May sixteenth! To be expelled before that would be calamity—afterwards, it would be joy.

Manwaring was out to get him, Man-

waring and his bunch of lousy stool-pigeons that called themselves the "disciplinary committee." Grant had written bold things concerning the nude Venus in his editorials for the Cardinal. Well, if he could only stall it off till the sixteenth! Horatio Alger—till the sixteenth!

Grant leapt onto Barbara Bentley's front porch and rang the bell eagerly. Barbara was solace. After the sixteenth she'd be wearing his frat pin and she would be his.

Grant was due for a shock when Barbara came to the door to greet him—dressed in pajamas. Prim, demure Barbara in pajamas was a paradox, especially

in pajamas with a low, loose neck and a bias way of hugging her.

After lingering a moment over the amazing beauty of the girl he loved, Grant smiled at her indulgently and delivered his stern reproof: "Go upstairs, beautiful child, and get some clothes on before your mother spansks you."

"Mother and Father are out of town for the week end." Barbara retorted pertly. "What's the matter; don't you like me?"

"Like you!" he repeated with sincere emphasis. "I love you—but I'm afraid I'll love you too much."

"Don't be silly. Come on in and be yourself."

Grant found Barbara in an entirely new and infinitely charming mood. To-

night she was a naughty child, enticing and irresistible. Her family was away for the week end. They were both young and eager for life . . . his arms, crushing her, were insistent. . . .

But she pushed him gently away. "No, Grant, No!" she murmured. "Please. I've always had an ideal——"

Grant reluctantly released the sweet lusciousness of her and stepped to the window. Funny, sweet kid! She had an ideal! Well, after all, he was glad she did.

Barbara was behind him at the window. "It isn't that I don't love you," she was saying, "but oh, it means so much for us both to keep out of trouble till your birthday. May sixteenth is only a couple weeks away, you know, and you

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*Early in the second week
the tawny-haired damsel
passed out on him.*



LATE LAUGHTER

*Sometimes the wine of love has
bitter dregs*

By MURRAY KNOWLTON

"SHALL we dance?"
"You know I have been waiting."

"Wicked woman."

"You should not keep me waiting so long. You know that you are the only presentable man in the colony."

They pivoted toward the middle of the rough board platform that had been erected among the pines.

"The *only* man, Dolores?"

Swiftly, vigorously, she clung to him.

"The others are children, or. . . faithful."

"I am faithful too, remember."

"To that pale cool wife of yours. But not too faithful, eh Brian?"

"Shhh! Someone is looking."

"Let them look. I came here for a good time."

As they danced, Brian watched over her shoulder the eyes of the other dancers. So far there was no suspicion there, only watchfulness, and sometimes disgust. The summer colony on the lake was small enough so that Dolores' presence was an intrusion. Particularly as she dared to do openly what most of the other women thought about secretly.

"What would your husband say?"

"Silly. What right has *he* to say anything? Isn't that why I left him with his saucy little chilli pepper in Tampico, and came here to stay with my brothers?"

"And now you are going to get even with him."

"Yes. And you are going to help me."

"Sorry."

"Mmmmm Muh!"

"Dolores!" Not too severely. "Don't do that again. Good God, do you want everybody in the colony to think *you* are a little chilli pepper?"

"Yes!" Sibilantly, through her sparkling teeth.

"Don't look at me like that!"

"Why not?"

"It does things to me."

"Mmmmmmm!"

"Dolores!"

"Soooo *your* pale, cool wife has gone away." She watched him out of the corner of her eyes as she pretended to play with the ripple of her fingers in the water.

"Yes, for three days." His paddle cut deep into the black water and swirled to the stern of the canoe with a sucking noise. "Why do you call her that?"

"Because I envy her. She is so nice, so reserved, yet she holds you."

"Your way is different."

"And. . . Less successful."

"What do you mean by that?"

"How long is it now? Three weeks? Four?"

She half sat up, propping her elbows on the gunwale. "I've learned something from you."

"I've learned something from you, too."

"What?"

"Shall we say. . . *amour*?"

They both laughed, then fell silent. Brian paddled away from the shore, toward the center of the lake.

"Dolores!" He was leaning over her as she reclined on the floor of the canoe. "You are beautiful."

"Your kisses are beautiful, *chico mio*."

"Why do you call me *little one*?"

"Because you are like a little boy tonight."

"I'm frightened."

"Kiss me!"

She started to push him away and his fingers dug into the soft flesh of her shoulders.

"You are hurting me."

"I'm sorry."

"We're crazy to do this. This is the way people tip over canoes and drown."

"Who cares if it does tip?"

"I can't swim."

He said nothing, but sat erect once more. He picked up a paddle and pushed the canoe toward the shore with long, powerful strokes. She stayed there in the bottom, watching him.

A breeze tried to cool his face, but he laughed at it. His muscles never felt as strong, his stroke so perfect. Just once he hesitated. He thought he saw a light in his cabin, but it was a mistake. Some other light farther down the hill. As the canoe grated shoreward on the smooth round pebbles he stood up and held his hand down to her.

"Do you want me to get out?"

"Please."

She obeyed without question. He guided her across the pebbles to the sand. They walked very close together, his arm around her waist. He could feel the supple ripple of her body against his own.

"Here." His voice was gusty, unnatural.

They sat down. The palms of his hands were damp. He no longer dared to breathe, except silently, through his lips. In a moment he turned to her, and their lips met, blended. Gently, ever so gently, with his arm supporting her, she relaxed upon the sand. For a moment

(Turn to page 51)



He no longer dared to breathe,
except silently, through his lips.

*A flirt may tempt, but
does not always
conquer*



THE MASQUE

By GEORGE W. BEAUDWAY

THE Inn courtyard was brilliantly lighted by vivid colored lanterns.

Gay costumed figures flashed beneath these bobbing splashes of color. Light, careless laughter floated down over the moon-washed, velvety lawn and carried softly the length of the sloping gardens to a rose covered bower where it should have been soothing ointment to the bitterness of two shadows sitting desolately upon a marble seat.

Mel sat in his gaudy range regalia next to Janice. She was a crinoline huddle crying into the darkness and her cupped

hands. He sat with his chin on his fist staring at the flagstones.

Janice had invited his kiss, he decided bitterly, his caress, because she knew it appealed to him. He supposed it appealed to her, this love making. Damnit, she had no business to lead him on this way then get huffy because he went too far.

Engaged or not engaged, women were like that, he guessed. They permitted sex attraction to govern their whole existence. They went about tearing poor fools down physically, mentally and morally. Not that morals meant so much. If a man were absolutely cold they might pity him or admire him for some personal trait, but they wouldn't date him, couldn't pretend to love him.

He turned to find her sitting calmly. His long fingers probed the depths of his leather vest for cigarettes. "I'm supposed to say I'm sorry," he ventured finally. "Is that it?"

Janice examined her hands from various angles in her yellow lap. "You

Her blue eyes flashed. "Mel," she said slowly, "you're a beast."



weren't at fault, Mel," she said quite frankly. "I was just hurt, I guess."

Mel drew two cigarettes from their hiding place among the tobacco crumbs, offered one to her and inserted the other between his lips. "I didn't mean to be crude," he said. "But you shouldn't have led me on tonight. You shouldn't have let me be so expectant. After all, you promised to go over to Al Manning's house party after the masquerade."

"Oh, Mel," she laid her hand upon his, "I'd go anywhere with you. . . because I love you. And you know it. But life'll be much sweeter if we wait. Don't you see? This. . ." she frowned and shrugged, ". . . this hi-de-ho stuff went out a long time ago. Even college men and women are more cautious; more reserved."

He made a wry face. "Nuts! I still think women keep a sucker list. What'll you do now, go to your room and put a mark in your little black book?"

Her blue eyes flashed into his bitter frown. "Mel," she said slowly, "you're a beast!"

He struck a match and lit his cigarette. Janice threw hers on the ground.

"Yeh, I expected that." There was a note of satisfaction in his voice. He blew a lungful of blue-grey smoke into the mellow night. "That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

Janice held a dainty handkerchief between her two thumbs and measured its rippling border critically. "No, Mel," she said, "but I'm beginning to think I should have expected it."

"You should have as long as you were responsible. You suggested coming out here and you offered the first kiss. See here, Jan, I think the world of you. And I want to marry you as soon as possible. But this kissing and caressing and—and this Barrymore 'all there is ain't anymore' stuff is getting me down."

"I'm sorry. It—it wasn't you I was fighting, Mel. You'll. . . understand that someday."

"Yeh? Maybe Al Manning would have acted differently."

"Al Manning wouldn't have had the opportunity. I dance with him occasionally. That's all."

"Nuts."

Janice stood up and faced him in the shadow of the bower. "Mel," she said

warningly, "you're being foolish!"

"Think so?"

"Yes, I think so. It's a good thing we couldn't get married until you're out of school. I'm glad we had to wait," she cried. "There's no need of us attempting to go on." Her pale lips trembled and she slipped a ring from her finger and held it forth.

"Humpf!" He took the proffered symbol of betrothment. "It makes an easy out for you," he charged, "and a mug of me!"

Janice was silent.

"Just a series of dates in the shade of an engagement ring. I 'spose you'll be engaged to every man in the Sig House before you graduate."

The round, usually pretty face that looked down into his frowning countenance in the moonlight, was marred by struggling emotions. Tears sparkled on the rims of her blue eyes. She grasped her crinoline skirts about her slim middle and turned to run hurriedly towards the Inn.

Mel fingered the engagement ring a meditative moment. Then he stuck it into the mysterious depths of his cowboy costume. He rubbed the tip of his nose with the back of his index finger, sniffed a preoccupied sniff and stood up to see the hurrying figure disappear in the bright maw of the Inn courtyard.

"I told her I loved her," he mumbled. "I do love her, but. . . aw, nuts! Women are screwy." He went out and clambered into his roadster, Stetson and all, to drive over to Al Manning's house to await the gang and the breaking up of the Sig's Masquerade.

The gang would be composed of Al Manning, Peg Sorrel, Dip Morton, the track man and Helen Campbell. Mel wondered if Janice would come with them. Now, Peg Sorrel, there was a woman who wasn't quite so. . . so reserved. He smiled grimly into the wind that whistled over the lowered windshield.

He brought the roadster to a halt in Manning's drive. The house was open and he went in, waddling in his leather chaps. He took these off in the front room and tossed them across a chair. The Stetson was flipped neatly upon one of a set of antlers over the fireplace.

Then he went out to the kitchen and

dug around in a spacious refrigerator for ice cubes and stuff. There was grim decision in his mind. Yes, sir, he'd played sucker for the last time. Janice was out; love or no love.

It wasn't long until he was expertly juggling a huge cocktail shaker. And in less time than that, he was sitting on the kitchen cabinet, swinging his long legs and sipping from a tall tinkling glass.

HE WAS well into the third glass when two cars pulled into the drive and he heard loud talk and laughter. He wondered if Janice were out there and bit his lip and frowned. He did feel sort of like a heel.

Peg Sorrel, garbed as a Hindu dancer, was the first one in, and she spun out on the linoleum before him and whirled her lithe body, ballooning a shimmering full skirt, disclosing shapely browned limbs and brief white tights. The beads on her sheer little blouse and her dark eyes sparkled. She grabbed Mel's glass, singing from the Gold Digger's of '33, "We're in the onymay..."

"You'll be in the money, if you drop that," Mel warned. "Say—say, did Janice come with?"

Peg patted his cheek. "Dear boy, yes.



She grabbed Mel's glass, her full, shimmering skirt whirling about her.

But why, I don't know. I hear it's you go your way and I'll go mine."

"U-umm," Mel mumbled.

She took his hand and led him along behind. He wet his lips and frowned at her almost naked back. Supple muscles rippled under satiny brown skin. "Say," he said, "I'd sure like to have been a Hindu."

Peg stopped and stepped close. "You'd make such a nice Hindu, Mel."

Mel arched one brow. "Run along. I'm fed up on women."

But she didn't. She turned her pretty dark face up and offered half parted lips. He kissed them and felt her warm, clinging response. "I'd like to see you," she whispered, "afterwhile."

They went into the front room. Dip Morton and Helen were dancing to the radio and Ted Lewis. Al Manning was just coming in from a side room, and Janice in her crisp crinoline flounces, sat alone on the davenport. Mel went over and sat beside her.

"May I have a drink?" she asked.

"Sure," he grunted. "We'll all have a drink. Bring on the glasses and drink to the end of three dismal two and Monday morning cuts."

They all laughed and did. In fact they repeated the performance occasionally during the next half hour. From time to time Mel was conscious of Peg Sorrel's dark, intriguing eyes. He was dancing with Helen Campbell.

Helen wasn't bad. But she had freckles. Mel didn't like freckles. She looked up and grinned. "Manning will have your shirt if you don't lay off his woman," she warned.

"Nuts, little gal. Women are wide open to the first taker. Manning seems to be getting on with Janice okay."

"Yeah, but that's cold."

"You're telling me?"

Helen laughed and over her flowered shoulder he caught the understanding wink of Peg Sorrel. A few minutes later and to the astonishment of everyone, she passed out. Mel managed to get to her side ahead of Manning. He scooped her up in his arms.

"Where to, Manning?" he asked. "Your room upstairs?"

Manning frowned. "Lit up like that? Nope." Then he looked at Janice. "On

the other hand, maybe you'd better take her up there. Think I'll catch my shut-eye down here."

Mel felt Peg's finger gouge into his ribs. He squeezed her close and made for the stairway. "Too bad," someone said and he grinned inwardly.

Walking along the balcony overhead, he saw Al Manning sit down beside Janice. He shrugged and made for a room at the head of the hall.

Inside and the door closed, Peg squirmed from his arms. "Too bad," she laughed. "Give me a cigarette. That crowd gets in my teeth."

He held her close. "Say, if I had mine, I'd bite you."

"What's holding up production?"

"Nuts, I don't eat little girls. Let's sit down over here."

A silvery strip of moonlight streaked in from the tall window across the room and splashed its silver mist about them. They sat down upon a studio couch and Mel lit her cigarette. She took a deep drag.

"You know," she said, "I've been watching you the past few weeks. You're not half bad."

"Oh," he grinned, "I'll do to take along."

"That's what you say."

"That's what they all say." His arm slid about her shoulders and pulled her close. Their lips met in a lingering kiss and she eased back among the cushions. "You know," she whispered into his ear, "you'd better go back downstairs."

Mel frowned. "You gonna be like that?"

Her lips caressed the tip of his ear.

"Like what, mister?"

"Like all dames?"

"Why should I be different? Listen! I think Dip and Helen just came upstairs."

"So I got to go."

She kissed his frowning lips. "Like a good boy. And make plenty of noise so they'll know you left."

"Yeh, nuts. I get it." He stood up, furious to think he'd let Peg Sorrel put one over on him. She held his hand as he stood above her.

"Swell," she whispered. "Plenty noise when you go out. But," and she squeezed

(Turn to page 48)



Picked Up On Broadway

First Chorine: 'I hear they've put you into the bathroom scene in that new film. Who's going to assist you?'

Second Ditto: "Oh, just some guy I fell in with some time ago."

BELLE: "FREDDY AND I DROVE FOR HOURS LAST NIGHT."

MEL: "YOU MUST HAVE COME BACK GOOD AND TIRED."

BELLE: "WELL, NO—JUST TIRED."



THE PEST

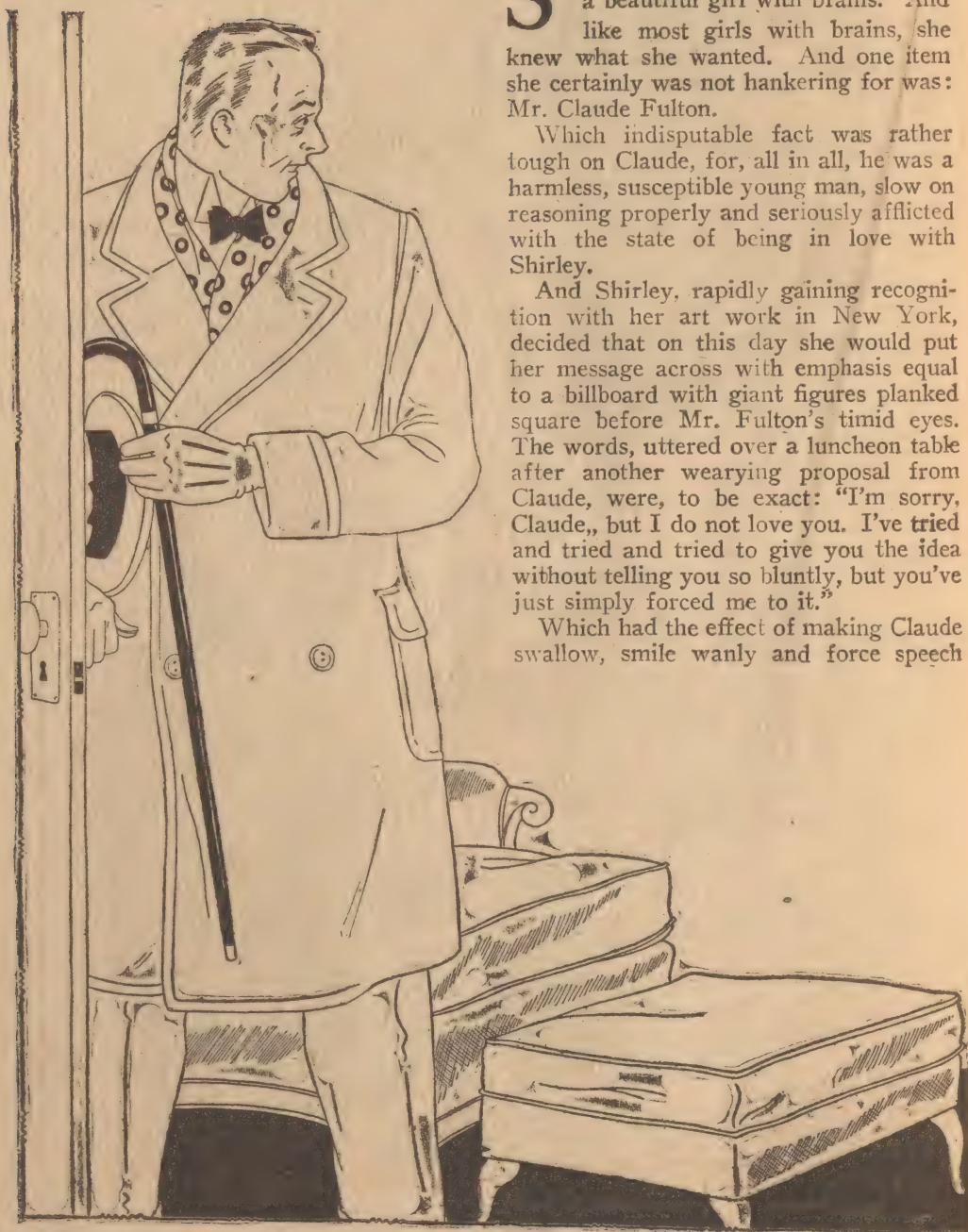
By LEWIS S. SALSBURG

SHIRLEY was one of those rarities? a beautiful girl with brains. And like most girls with brains, she knew what she wanted. And one item she certainly was not hankering for was: Mr. Claude Fulton.

Which indisputable fact was rather tough on Claude, for, all in all, he was a harmless, susceptible young man, slow on reasoning properly and seriously afflicted with the state of being in love with Shirley.

And Shirley, rapidly gaining recognition with her art work in New York, decided that on this day she would put her message across with emphasis equal to a billboard with giant figures planked square before Mr. Fulton's timid eyes. The words, uttered over a luncheon table after another wearying proposal from Claude, were, to be exact: "I'm sorry, Claude,, but I do not love you. I've tried and tried and tried to give you the idea without telling you so bluntly, but you've just simply forced me to it."

Which had the effect of making Claude swallow, smile wanly and force speech



*There are many ways to get rid of a
pest, but they don't all work!*

out of a cramped throat. "What's—
what's the matter . . . with me?"

The question rubbed the wrong way
on an already irritated Shirley. "What's
the matter with you? . . . what's the
matter with you?" she repeated, as if to
be sure she heard aright. "I'll tell you,"
she began. "You're a nice young man,
but you're not my type. You have loads
of money, Claude, I know. But you're
short on brains; you're short on many
things. I want a clever man when I
marry—clever, spontaneous, active. He
must be the commanding type, yet gentle.

And you? You know what you are? I'll
tell you. You're a soft, easy-going, easily-
duped, unambitious person. . . . Some
girls, perhaps, could love you. But not
me. Now, do we understand each other?"

"In—in time, maybe you—you could
like me if——"

"There are no if's about it."

"Shirley, you know I love you. I——"

"Please," she requested impatiently,
"don't mention the word love—you make
it sound like a commodity. You feel
sorry for yourself. You—really, you ex-

*Claude opened the door as
Fred stared at him menacingly.*



haust my patience. Why don't you make up your mind not to see me again?"

He tried to hold some ground. "May I explain?" he pleaded.

She threw up her hands, then interlocked her fingers—as if restraining them from an inclination to reach out and hit him. "Go ahead—you will, anyway," she said, scraping upper teeth on her lower lip.

"You're such a beautiful girl—and intelligent," he lauded. "Beauty and brains. Is it any wonder I love you? I—I can't help myself. You're different, too, from most girls. Not only because of your brains and your beauty, but—but—" he faltered; then, as if summoning quick courage, he finished hurriedly: "—you're one of the few good girls left."

"Good girls left!" she gasped with astonishment. "You mean, I take it, I'm—what shall I say? . . . one of the few virgins left. Is that it?"

"A—a—yes," he stammered.

She smiled with amusement. "How do you know?"

"Shirley!" his voice was remonstrating, "aren't you being . . . crude?"

"Claude," she mimicked his remonstrating tone, "you do recognize crudeness, don't you? Why don't you recognize everything I say to you?"

"I'll never give up."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Claude—why on earth aren't you reasonable? You'll hate me when you get over this silly crush."

"Hate? How could I ever but love—"

"Please, please." She stood up. "Let's go?"

He stood up. "I'm dropping in tomorrow night."

"I'm busy tomorrow night."

"I'll only stay a short while."

"That makes no difference. I'll be busy and you're positively *not* wanted."

"Some day you'll change your mind."

"Claude . . . I guess the only thing for you is chloroform."

SHIRLEY KNEW that he would drop in the following night. It was his nature. Somehow he never considered the inconvenience and embarrassment his un-

wanted presence caused her. She was fed up, disgusted, intensely exasperated with him.

Something had to be done. And Shirley proposed to do something.

She called Phylis Colton, an intimate friend. "Phylis, darling, you simply have to do me a favor. That is, you and Fred."

"Me and Fred?" Fred was Phylis's fiancé. "What is it—a matter of life and death, or do you want a drink?"

"This is really serious. It's about Claude Fulton. He—"

"Is that pest still bothering you?"

"Yes—and how! And I've got to get rid of him once and for all time . . . This is what I want you to do. I've thought it over carefully. Claude is going to drop in tomorrow night—uninvited, of course. And, for your information—don't laugh—he considers me the purest and most refined young woman in captivity. . . . So! Tomorrow night, when he calls, I want him to walk in on me in daring negligee, apparently intoxicated and your sweet boy friend messing me around attired in his duckiest pajamas."

"Shirley. You don't mean it?"

"I most certainly do. It'll be a farce, but he'll never see through it. And, lest you worry, darling, about your Fred, you may hide behind something and take in the scene. And when Claude beholds me wallowing in wickedness his illusions will be shattered, and I'll not be further annoyed by his annoying presence. What do you say?"

"Sounds great. I'll see Fred."

THE SCENE was minutely prepared. One dim light burned in the living room of the studio. Shirley, in a revealing negligee, dishevelled her hair and placed bottles and cocktail glasses on a prominent table, while Fred, a hesitant party to the scheme, donned a pair of pajamas in the kitchenette; and Phylis, after inspecting various views from places of concealment, decided that the bedroom door, slight ajar, would afford the best observation point.

In due time Claude's recognizable footsteps sounded down the corridor, followed by a ringing of the bell. Shirley assumed a reclining position on the sofa,

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Bee: "Remember Stevie, that old sweetheart of mine? Well, he's asked me to go to the Firemen's Fancy Dress Ball with him, and I don't know what costume to wear."

Dee: "How about going as an old flame?"

**THEN THERE'S THE CHORINE
THEY CALL TEDDY BECAUSE
SHE GETS TIGHTER EVERY
TIME SHE'S BOILED.**

WISE *and* OTHERWISE

*Cleverness sometimes outsmarts
itself*

By ADELAIDE THOMAS

"O H, Warren, it's—gorgeous. Much too splendiferous for me." Adele Allison pulled the wide collar about her ears, snuggling her chin into the deep pelts.

A fur coat! At last! She had beseeched, implored, and finally nagged Henry for one, but he didn't speak her language when it came to such luxuries. Henry was a simple good soul; made a dependable husband, but was artless and altogether unromantic. She liked a man with spirit, pluck and—dash. . . . One who dared to live—even if dangerously.

She buttoned the coat close about her well-moulded form, surveying her luxurious self in the long mirror. She preened. She shooked her head, observing how the sheen of her blond hair was accentuated by the richness of the beige ermine. Her skin glowed and her eyes sparkled with pride and vanity. She turned to the man who had been watching her with an indulgent smile.

"You shouldn't spoil me, Warren."

"It's just a fitting frame for your loveliness, my dear," the donor answered, burrowing down to find a smiling mouth. "It only reflects your beauty."

"You flatterer! But, Warren, what shall I tell Henry? How can I get by with it?"

Lost in the ecstasies of the moment, Adele had forgotten that men do not give expensive coats to married women who are not related by more conventional ties than those which bound her to Warren Demorest.

She hugged the coat to her protectingly. It was hers. Bought for her. It was the last word in furdom. At Russell's, on Fifth Avenue, there was a brown caracul she had been covertly watching all season. It was priced five hundred dollars. Just a mediocre bit of cat's fur

compared to the one she now had on. Hers. She could scarcely realize it—yet.

"Think of something, Warren." Adele's voice was a little agitated. "I can't let Henry come home and find a fur-coated, Paris-labeled wife, and no dinner."

"Tell him Santa Claus brought it."

"Silly."

"I'm way ahead of you, Honey. I'll stop at the Palace of Golden Balls on my way back to the hotel, and fix things up with Eddie Singer. He's a good fellow, with an oily palm."

"But what has that to do with my story to Henry?"

"It's the story. You take the coat to Eddie. Pawn it, see. He loans you, say, five hundred dollars on it——"

"Leave my coat? I—couldn't——"

"Not so fast, Pretty Dumb-Bell. You leave it for a day."

"Then get it?"

"No; let Henry get it. Give him the pawn ticket. Tell him you found it——"

"What—what if he wouldn't?" The thought was terrifying.

"Henry's human, Honey. When he sees that coat, and knows he can satisfy the fur coat hunger that has been gnawing at your very vitals for so long . . . There's strategy employed, too. You are the five hundred Eddie loans you to the good. What do you think now?"

"I think you are the most marvelous big brute I ever knew."

HENRY WAS remonstrating as he slipped into his top coat.

"Do it yourself, Adele. You found the darn pawn ticket." She could, of course, but she wanted this little finesse carried through as planned. Then there could never be any doubt in Henry's mind con-

LOVE REVELS

47

cerning the origin of the coat, where they were involved.

"It'd likely be a gun, or some old worthless antique thing," Henry muttered.

"Henry, I'll gamble with you. You get whatever is redeemable by this ticket, and I'll accept it as a wedding anniversary gift from you. How is that for sportsmanship?"

"It'll do," Henry consented resignedly.

EDDIE SINGER brought the glazed black box from the locked storeroom, and set it before Henry Allison. He laughed to himself at the gullible, near middle-aged, near baldheaded man who had laid the marked pawn ticket on the counter.

Evidently this Mr. Allison didn't understand the redeemable brokerage busi-

*"It's a fitting frame
for your loveliness, my
dear. It reflects your
beauty."*



ness. Didn't know that its system was as perfect, and its records kept as carefully as those of the largest business on Wall Street. There were exceptions, naturally, as in this case, where he could pick up an extra twenty for a small, a very small, service.

Henry lifted the coat gingerly from its folds of tissue. Adele's vast knowledge of fur values had unwittingly been transmitted to his open, though unconvinced, mind.

"It's perfect," Eddie said, wriggling his hands. Genuine ermine. Priceless! Six hundred dollars! A giveaway!"

Henry was thinking of something entirely different.

"Will you take a check? You can call the Corn Exchange."

"No need," the ingratiating Eddie was saying. "I know an honest man when I see one."

As the door closed behind Henry, Eddie smilingly regarded the check. An extra hundred. A trifle hardly worth mentioning to Mr. Demorest.

ON HIS WAY to the office, Henry stopped and made a purchase. Miss Flora Banks, his stenographer, wondered why he was late. When the buzz came she hurried in. Henry closed the venetian shutters, and pulled her to him.

"Who has a birthday tomorrow? . . . You know more about clothes than I do, Sweetheart. Would a light tan ermine coat go well with a Red Head?"

"Would it? Oh, Boy!" So—Daddy wrapped his Baby Bunting in a beige ermine coat, and gave her a half holiday.

At the outer office door Flora stepped aside for Henry's wife, who was gaping at her in a most amazing fashion. She acted as if she had seen a ghost. Flora flounced past her.

Adele sank into the nearest chair. The whole world reeled. There must be some mistake. Some horrible mistake. That was her coat—on Henry's stenographer! What should she do? What *could* she do? . . . Nothing. What a fool she had been! And, what a neat trick Henry had turned on her. Henry, of all men! Henry, and his stenographer! Unromantic! . . . Why the little devil. Then she broke into uncontrollable laughter. She became almost hysterical. Henry, the simple good soul. Simple! Good! He *had* to be good! . . .

Henry found her wiping her eyes with a soggy handkerchief. He smiled benevolently as he laid a blue plush box in her lap. Adele touched the small white button which sprung the lid open. A wrist watch . . . Simple—and good.

"It—it is what the pawn ticket redeemed, Adele. I hope you will like it."

"Oh, I do, Henry, I do." She fell on his neck, convulsed with laughter.

"I—I thought it would make a nice wedding anniversary present," Henry said, grinning.

"Oh, it does, Henry, it does."

OUT ON THE street again, Adele thought mercenarily of five hundred dollars she had made in a small transaction, and wended her way to "Russell's Furrier" on Fifth Avenue. Brown caracul wasn't so bad.

THE MASQUE

(Continued from page 40)

his fingers, "when you come back in half an hour. . . .be quiet as a kitten."

His heart gave a bound. "Kitten?" He bent and kissed her. "You're a kitten. A mighty sweet one!"

He whirled about and hurried from the room giving the door a violent bang in passing. The hall was dark and he walked swiftly to the head of the stairs, his mouth dry and his head awl. Whup! His toe hooked in the rug and

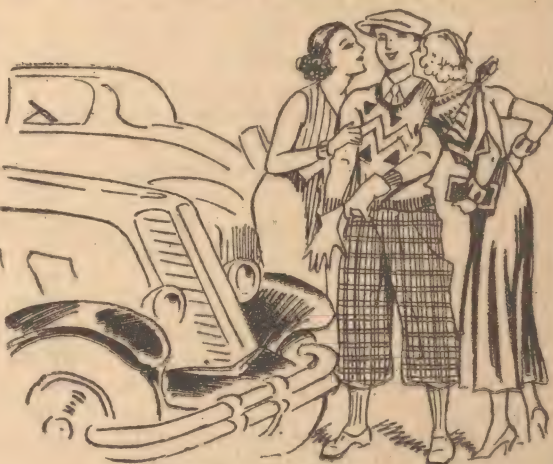
he sprawled down the dark steps. He tried to catch the bannister in mid-descent, missed and ended up on his gaunt belly on the hall floor below.

A door at the head of the stairs flopped open and two heads appeared. "D'ja fall?" someone cried in a hoarse whisper.

"Nope," Mel stood up and brushed himself. "I always come down that way."

The door above closed as the two heads

ACCORDING TO THE WIFE'S VERSION, A GIRL WHO GOES INTO THE MARRIAGE MARKET USUALLY COMES OUT SHORT-CHANGED.



MAY: "I'VE KNOWN HIM LONGER THAN YOU. IN FACT, WE'VE BROKEN BREAD TOGETHER."

KAY: "HECK, I KNOW HIM BETTER THAN THAT. WE ONCE BROKE A DAVENPORT TOGETHER!"



"You left your last place because your mistress expected too much of you?"

"Yes, she expected me to repulse her husband, and I just couldn't."



I'm sure you'll like Miss Sadie Huytoo. Asked to pet, says "Oh, I'd love to."

withdrew mumbling about clumsy Chinamen. Mel turned as a door across the room opened. Janice stepped out. Her sudden beauty in the stream of light took his breath. The frothy negligee caressed her glowing cheeks and clung to her body. The light from behind shot golden glints from her hair.

"Mel! What in the world....?"

"Nothing. Just slipped. You—you kissing there?"

"Yes."

He was going to ask where Manning was, decided it was none of his damn business and said, "Well, see you 'n mornin'."

Janice went back into her room and closed the door. Mel heard the lock click and his jaw tightened. If Manning were in there.... He took a step forward and hesitated. "No," he muttered, "I was sucker once to-night."

He sat down in an overstuffed chair in the dark room and lit a cigarette. Visions of Peg Sorrel spun before his closed eyes. Oh, she was clever and intriguing. He was aware of her cleverness; he was aware of the hint of adventure which peeped from her dark eyes. He smoked several cigarettes and finally looked at his watch.

Twenty past two. He brushed his nose with his long index finger and stooped to remove his shoes. Then he crept silently up the stairs. The door at the end of the dark hall yielded to his hand and he stepped quietly inside.

Came a soft whisper, "Mel?"

"Yeh." He tiptoed across the room, tripped over discarded pumps and bumped a chair. His enquiring fingers felt the cast off shimmering skirt and a contraption of beads. He came to the bed and sat down on its edge. Peg sat up. "Sleepy?"

"Uhuh," Mel agreed and frowned.

Peg's soft rounded arm slid about his neck and her lips plucked at his cheek. He clasped her close and thrilled to the warmth of her embrace. He tasted the fragrance of her dark skin in his nostrils and pushed her gently away.

"I got a bad taste in my mouth," he said.

"So what?" she whispered.

"I need a drink. We both need a drink."

She squirmed herself deeper into the sheets. "A last drink wouldn't be bad. You think of everything, don't you?"

"Yeh." He stood up. "I'll get two. We need a night-cap bad."

"Okay, mister. But," she pleaded, "hurry."

"Trust me, lady. Three minutes." He patted her hand.

Back downstairs, alone in the kitchen, he lit the light and once more rummaged in the big refrigerator. He mixed two tall drinks. Then he lit a cigarette, leaned his back against the porcelain sink and frowned uneasily toward the front room. From time to time he sipped at his glass. He thought of Janice behind that locked door. He felt like crying but didn't know whether he was mad or afflicted with maudlin jealousy.

He thought of Peg waiting expectantly upstairs. He wondered about Manning. Then he thought of Peg again. That intriguing thought decided him. Sucker once a night was enough. His teeth gritted. If Janice sought Manning's company, well.... that was her business. T'hell with women! A guy who vowed devotion to one dame was a chump!

He doused the light and took the two glasses and made for the stairway. Crossing the spacious front room, he heard a movement from the sun porch. He stopped, blinked thoughtfully, then went cautiously over to peek through the open french door.

Al Manning sprawled in a cushioned swing, sleeping the drugged sleep of the drunk. Mel breathed a relieved breath. He moistened his lips and tasted the hint of Peg's kiss. He drank the rest of his highball and frowned.

Then he went back to the kitchen. "Nuts," he said and poured Peg's intended glass in the sink.

JANICE WAS the first one up that morning. It was about eight o'clock when she opened her door. There was Mel, hunched with his back against the door jam, sound asleep. In his fist, he clenched the ring she had returned last night. She pried it loose and slipped it on her finger for the second time that week.

The big house was quiet. She knelt at his side and smiled wistfully. Then she kissed his frowning brow and shook him lightly. "Mel.... Mel!"

L A T E L A U G H T E R

(Continued from page 35)

their mouths clung together, then slowly ...his hand, resting on the bare flesh of her white shoulder, crept imperceptibly. . .

"Brian!"

With a swift gesture her own hand covered his, held it there.

"Chico, Chico." With her other hand she smoothed his brow as she looked at him wonderingly. "I didn't know, darling. I had no idea you. . . For weeks I have longed for you, but always you refused, and now. . . Oh, poor boy, I'm so sorry!"

"Funny one." He was relaxed now, gently. "Tell me."

"Yesterday I got a letter from my husband. I promised to be faithful, Brian. Faithful. . . you taught me that. Oh, my poor darling, I'm so sorry." And suddenly her arms encircled and held him close.

Brian laughed. Pushing away from her and standing up, he laughed. He threw back his head and laughed until the wooded shore echoed with it and the lake seemed filled.

"Too late. Thank God! I was afraid, Dolores. Afraid. Ohhho!" And he staggered back to the canoe, still laughing, while she sat there, watching. Trying to understand.



Self-Sacrifice

She swore she'd go through anything,
 'All hell would not affright her,
 If she could have my precious love—
 'And so I hugged her tighter.
 She held me with her fingertips.
 She thrilled me with her hissing,
 I left and learned what she'd go through—
 My cash and watch were missing.

PAJAMAS ON VENUS

(Continued from page 33)

just can't get expelled before then."

Grant wheeled about suddenly and grasped her hands. "Barbara," he pleaded, "don't let anything that may happen between now and the sixteenth stand between us. I know I'll get fifty thousand bucks from my uncle's estate when I'm twenty-one unless I'm expelled before that time; but hell, what does fifty thousand bucks mean when you're young, and in love? The old boy was crazy when he made his will. How can a fellow guarantee to keep out of trouble? Sometimes it just jumps on him from behind."

"Only two weeks more," Barbara reminded him softly. "Then we can get married."

"Yeah, I know. But I have a hunch something's going to happen. Manwaring's down on me, and he and his damned committee are working hard to bait me. Please, Barbara, do you care so awfully much about the money? Take my frat pin tonight, and promise you'll stick by me through thick and thin. Please, Barbara—I want you so much——"

But Barbara was pushing him away. "Don't misunderstand, Grant," she said. "I don't care so much about the money as—the principle of the thing. I wouldn't want a man who didn't have backbone enough to keep out of trouble just two weeks for my sake. Aren't I just a little bit—worth fighting for?"

"Worth fighting for! Oh, honey——" he finished his outburst with an embrace more eloquent than words.

On the way home Grant piously averted his eyes from the nude Venus in the Dean's garden.

As a symbol of his new lofty resolutions, he studied that night, studied for an impending Geology quiz. He crammed an entire semester of Gastropods and Trilobites at one sitting, and by two in the morning was exhausted mentally, and—thirsty physically.

Then Joe Ferrari knocked on his door. Joe was the campus bootlegger. It was rumored that a girl had played him for a sap, and since that time he had

been taking a liberal preparatory education for gangdom via the campus racket route.

"Come on up to my room and have a little drink, Walker". . .

To be brief, Grant took not one drink, but many. At first it was merely a matter of Joe Ferrari saying, "Aw just one more. C'mon, be a good guy." Later his perceptions were not so clear. He entirely missed the peculiar gleam in Joe's eye as he dished out sympathy: "Sure, to hell with Geology. To hell with the college. To hell with the Dean. Listen, Walker. . . heave a brick through his window. To hell with him!"

The idea seemed acutely logical to Grant at that moment. He was on the point of phoning the brick yard and asking them to reserve him a brick—when he fell upon a better idea. "Listen, Joe. There's a woman in the Dean's garden—damn pretty woman—but she hasn't any clothes! Not even one! Now listen. . . put pajamas on her and make her chaste, like my girl. My girl's chaste—sh'wears pajamas. See?"

Joe was sympathetic, understanding. "Sure," he said. "That's a good idea. Here's your pajama top; go put it on that woman, and then ring the doorbell and tell old Manwaring he's a big piece of cheese. Has it coming to 'im."

At exactly three o'clock Venus was grotesquely buttoned up in Grant Walker's pajama jacket.

Grant felt relieved about it, almost jubilant. This wrong that had been bothering him for many months was righted. He wanted to shout it to the world. Ringing the Dean's doorbell and informing him he was a piece of cheese, at that moment seemed unexciting. No one would know about it but the Dean. He wanted to be where there were people!

At seven o'clock in the morning Grant was amazed to discover that since four he had been at the Golden Peacock Palace of Dancing, participating in a Marathon dance. Any doubts he might have still entertained were dispelled by his dancing



"Listen, baby,"
she said, "is it me
you love or my
clothes?"

"Test me honey,"
he said, "test me!"



MRS.: "I'VE GONE
THROUGH QUITE A
LOT WITH THAT
MAN. THAT'S WHY
I'M DIVORCING
HIM."

MISS: "HOW MUCH
HAVE YOU GONE
THROUGH — ABOUT
A HUNDRED THOU-
SAND WASN'T IT?"



"Jim is pretty
much stuck on
Sophie, isn't he?"

"You mean stuck
with."

partner, a noisy creature with long, bristly, tawny hair, too-red lips, and a too-short dress of cerise satin. "Are we still going strong, Baby? WHOOPIE!"

Grant was sick. He wanted to get away. The place smelt of perspiration and the steady boom-boom of the drum hurt his ears.

"Leggo, sister. I gotta go."

The girl clung to him. "Aw why? You promised me last night you'd stick by me, and we'd win the loving cup and all the dough."

Grant blinked at her. Jeez, he'd made a damn fool of himself. Vaguely he wondered how it was possible that he, Grant Walker, had allowed himself to get lit, when the stakes were so high.

Bill Wheelock appeared on the sidelines. Every time Bill Wheelock appeared it meant bad luck.

Abruptly he deserted the girl and walked over to Bill, but the manager of the Golden Peacock, who was promoter of the marathon, didn't like the idea of one of his best bets leaving the ring. He literally dragged the tawny one across the floor and thrust her back into Grant's arms. "Don't stop," he panted. "For God's sake don't stop. Odds are all for you."

"I wouldn't advise you to stop either," grinned Bill Wheelock, as the couple teetered to and fro in quasi dance steps. "Dean Manwaring's out for blood."

"The hell?"

"Sure. Next time you want to put your monogrammed pajamas on Aphrodite, or whoever the lady is, don't pick the night before the Dean's garden breakfast for the faculty."

"Listen, Bill, this isn't any joke. Get this straight: if I get railroaded before my birthday, I lose my girl and a fifty grand inheritance. But if I'm where the disciplinary committee can't reach me to serve notice, technically I'm not expelled. I've got to get out of town. Loan me fifty bucks."

"Don't be droll, my good man. I never saw fifty bucks all at once. Anyhow, how could you get to the station? The all-seeing eye, you know— Better stay right where you are."

Grant scowled. "Yeah, and get trapped like a rat."

During all this the fat, florid face of

Durfey, the marathon promoter was a study. Here was an intriguing situation: a collegian, by eluding for two weeks the Dean who seeks to expel him, will win the girl of his dreams and fifty thousand dollars! Two weeks equals three hundred and thirty-six hours, a new record for marathons in that locality. What a publicity that would be!

"Whad'ya mean, 'get trapped like a rat?'" he said in a low, insinuating voice. "This is my dance hall and I can keep out undesirable persons. Just point out this Dean feller, and my bouncers will do the rest. He nor nobody else can take you out of here without a warrant and a cop, and that won't happen, because there ain't no law against putting night shirts on stone ladies, and neither is this here marathon bein' conducted against the law."

"Looks like this is your best bet," Bill said, still grinning. "I wouldn't be too sour about it. By the way, here's a little tip: Joe Ferrari got you tight on purpose."

"The Hell?"

"Yeah. He's that way over your girl. Claims she promised to ditch you if you get expelled before the sixteenth."

"Ferrari's a damn liar and I'll beat hell out of him when I get out of here. My girl isn't that sort."

"So so," said Bill, pursing his lips. "Well, I must be off. Have a good time."

As Grant, somewhat dazed, steered his tawny partner back into the middle of the floor, she pressed herself close to him and murmured in a thick voice, "I li-ke college boys."

Suddenly he hated her, abhorred that sticky way she had of clinging to him. Two weeks of her! . . . But then Barbara was at stake!

At noon he had light vegetables and tomato juice from a tray held at his side by a waiter, and not long afterward Manwaring made his first appearance in the hallway, demanding ineffectually to be admitted. The threats made in his thin, piping voice were drowned out by the derision of the official Bouncers. He was to appear frequently in the days that followed, with no better results.

By evening the hang-over subsequent to Grant's night of dissipation was gone,

and his spirits were considerably higher. It wasn't so bad—at least not the physical exertion. He had been a long distance runner and knew how to combat fatigue.

Beginning with the first night the dancers were allowed ten minutes of rest each hour. Grant slept feverishly, but when he was awakened he felt real fatigue for the first time. It was the same each succeeding hour—fitful slumber, followed by increased fatigue.

Early in the second week the tawny-haired damsel passed out on him. Her successor, a fresh, buxom lass reminiscent of country butter, was promptly substituted. Grant groaned.

Two days later, after the evening meal, the buxom lass passed out; she proved a weak sister, after all. Her successor was frowsy and past the first bloom of her youth, and worst of all, she couldn't dance. She trod on Grant's feet with cruel gaiety and unconcern.

Five couples were left on the floor now. The night was a nightmare.

On the morning of the fifteenth his senses were more or less numb; his tortured feet seemed insensible to further pain. He moved as a machine. The only nourishment he took was black coffee.

In the afternoon, two couples remained. Idiots! What could they have at stake? Grant was a mental and physical robot. There were five hours of almost total oblivion, during which no sensation registered on his brain. At seven he was on the alert again; Joe Ferrari and two of his henchmen—one of them a member of the disciplinary committee—tried to lure him out in the hall, where, as they said, it was "cooler." Grant sent a barely perceptible signal to his vigilant guardians, and an instant later these two muscular guards were hovering over them.

"Scram!"

They scrambled.

At eight Grant felt his knees give way. Things swam before him; he felt giddy. Durfey propped him up with the words, "Buck up, old man, only four more hours to go."

At eleven o'clock the two other couples collapsed simultaneously. Grant was acclaimed noisily as winner of the loving cup and the prize of two hundred dol-

lars. Outside, Joe Ferrari and his gang lurked, waiting to present him on a silver platter to the Dean.

The fatigue, the tortured weariness were nothing now; Grant didn't care. Black coffee and elation had given him a new strength. By dancing till eleven he had won two hundred dollars; he would dance till twelve and win fifty thousand—and Barabara.

He danced till twelve.

The newsreel photographers hovered around him, and newspaper reporters and advertising endorsement solicitors nosed in between them, as the State Marathon Dance Champion shook hands around and accepted his prizes. Durfey beamed in smug satisfaction. From now on, he knew, the Golden Peacock would be more than just a small time dance hall.

Meanwhile, Grant had one immediate concern—getting some sleep. Declining the use of the "Presidential Suite" at the local hotel, he hopped a cab for home.

"Stop first at the residence of Dean Manwaring," he ordered.

The taxi driver raised his eyebrows. "It's after midnight, Sir."

"Yeah, I know, but I want to tell him he's a fat-headed idiot and a piece of cheese, and to expel me with my compliments. It's my birthday, driver, and I gotta do this"...

The nude Venus gleamed in the moonlight.

Stepping lightly up onto the Dean's porch Grant heard a low, feminine voice coming from one of the upper rooms. Then the Dean's: "Kiss me again, Sweet! Put your arms around me—"

So that was his game, the lecherous old fool! That explained why so many pretty girls left Snowden College. A Dean shouldn't be a millionaire. A millionaire shouldn't be a Dean. Preposterous combination.

Crazy, jumbled thoughts went through his mind as he jangled the doorbell, discordant peal after peal. That voice from the upper room was disturbingly familiar—

"What's all this? What's all this?" Manwaring appeared in the doorway. His nightshirt flapped about his wizened

frame grotesquely, and his bare feet looked knobby, and abnormally large.

Grant laughed in his state of nervous exhaustion. "Go ahead and expel me, you damned crooked hypocrite. I—" But here he stopped short. Just inside the door, thrown carelessly on a chair just as Barbara Bently threw things, was a polo coat and a red beret! Lots of girls wore polo coats and red berets, true, but a familiar voice that had floated down to him from the upper window took on lightning significance. Old Manwaring had Barbara trapped in an upper bedroom!

He was in the room now, and Manwaring was feebly attempting to command. "My dear fellow, this is an outrage. You're out of your mind—" "Shut up!"

He turned to the stairway, but Manwaring made a swift pass at him with an agility that was surprising. Grant turned on him; it was evidently to be a fight. Grant, faint from physical exhaustion and loss of sleep, against the puny Dean. It would be a fair match.

Manwaring heckled him for a few minutes. Grant tried to thrust him aside, but he clung with a death grip. In an instant he had picked up a glass paper weight and was holding it aloft in his skinny hand. Grant looked up, grasping his wrist simultaneously. He had a fleeting impression of snow floating about in the globe. "Drop it," he said. "Drop it, I say."

Snow spun about him dizzily—for hours, it seemed. He, Grant, was one inch high and inside the globe with its nude-figurine (another of the Dean's in-

dulgences), imbedded with her in the glass snowstorm.

Suddenly the snow cleared, and he grew to his normal height and was conscious of a pulsating bump rising on his forehead. The Dean had dropped that paper weight all right—dropped it on his head! He had evidently unconsciously returned one of his famous left punches, for Manwaring was sprawled before him on the floor, an ugly red welt rising on his jaw.

Grant bounded up the stairs directly into the arms of Barbara, who was wearing the same bias, clinging pajamas she had worn on that memorable night two weeks ago. "Grant! What on earth's the matter?"

"Hurry, darling—we haven't much time—"

"Why you poor fish. . . stop it, Grant. Keep your hands off me; my husband will object. Yes, I was married a week ago. Don't look at me that way, Grant. A girl simply has to look after her own interests, and after all, fifty thousand isn't so very much—not compared with a million. Stop staring at me like an imbecile. For Heaven's sake go home and sleep off that silly marathon."

Grant did exactly that, without more ado. He went back to the dorm and slept for two days, a deep, dreamless, untroubled sleep.

The following week he was expelled, and Joe Ferrari, who tried to double-cross him, was expelled also for his boot-legging activities.

Today they are room mates at Simmons University.

GOING UP

(Continued from page 21)

swooped creekward. And neither noticed a distant crashing in the underbrush and the thud of clumsy feet drawing rapidly nearer. Kirschwalder paused for lack of breath, but still between Mary and the creek. His face was empurpled, not altogether from exertion, and the glow of his beady eyes had changed from a passion of hate to another and a more hateful passion.

"Wait!" he gasped. "Listen here,

Mary. If you don't want to marry my son you don't hafta. It's me the county commissioners turned you over to. You belong to me; understand? I won't let nothin' hurt you. Not even Ma. I'll kick Otto off'n the place if he don't act nice. Mary, you gotta—gotta belong to me. I'll treat you right. Nobody'll know but me an' you. Mary! Don't you run!"—

Neither hatred, nor the mud of the



She: "Now, you pride yourself on being able to judge a woman's character by her clothes. What would be your verdict on Francine over there?"

He (after looking at Francine): "Insufficient evidence!"



Just by way of mention the bigger they are the harder they maul.

"What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirt?"

"A magician!"

Swadara had really frightened her, but this lustful rage did. Suddenly she became aware of the plane, circling above the woodlot. It was the same glittering little cabined machine that she had watched fade to a point. She sprang back, lifted her white arms and desperately waving the beribboned white violets to which she had instinctively clung in her flight. The plane banked, swepted earthward, and roared toward the meadow.

Otto Senior was beyond seeing or hearing anything upon earth except the slender, white dancer whose obvious terror but maddened him the more. As he again plunged forward, his voice choking with passion and his gorilla-like hands clutching the air, he no longer resembled a pig, but something infinitely wilder and more brutal. His cries were echoed from the edge of the woodlot, where with a final crash Otto Junior tore through the bushes and lumbered out upon the grass. The plane dived, straightened out, touched the earth, and swept furiously over the fairly level ground of the pasture.

"Pig!" the son screamed at his father; "stealing my woman! Knew you were up to somethin' bad when you got out of the car and said you'd go back an' help Ma rid up for the weddin'. Pig! Hog! Old boar! I'll kill you f'r undressin' my woman! I'll kill her f'r lettin' you!"

Mary darted from between them and fled toward the plane, where a young man in new flying togs was just erupting from the miniature cabin. As he ran toward her he stripped off goggles and helmet. His eager face was alight with excitement.

"Had to come back," he called to her. "Couldn't help myself. Had to see you dance again. Had to know if you got my flowers. Then you waved them." He glanced beyond her. "What's the matter with your folks? Don't they want me? I'm not hurting anything. Didn't touch a sheep. Why, they're scrapping!"

She looked back. Father and son met with a clash that resembled the angry charge of bulls. Their arms locked like

horns, and they roared at each other with a fury that sent the last sheep scurrying to the shelter of the woods.

"That's all right," she said, breathlessly. "They're just—they're just exercising. T-thanks for the flowers."

There was a billet of wood at his feet. He picked it up. "So they don't exercise on me," he grinned. "Who are you? Professional? I liked your work a lot, and I like you. You've got everything. I'm Mortenson," he added, as if that ought to explain everything.

"Not—really?" Her eyes widened. "But Mortenson was dancing when mother was a girl."

"My father. I'm Mortenson now, though. Your mother was——?"

"Mary Kelly. Maureen, you know. But—but you're a flyer."

"Amateur. This is my own ship. Are you working? Who's your partner? What are these gorillas to you, anyhow? My God, they're going to kill each other. They don't know I'm alive."

"Let them." She caught at his hand. "Listen: when you're at the bottom there's no place to go but up. I was going into the river. They're fighting to see which one of them—which one—they both want—— It's me, and I'd rather die."

He held on to the hand. "Mortenson and Maureen," he reflected, aloud. "That would be a great headline. I'll have to teach you a little, but you're good, girl; you're great. I saw you dance once, and had to come back. You're the hooper I've been looking for. And I found you in a hog pasture!"

"Sheep," she corrected. "What are you going to do?" She was running with him toward the plane. There was a shout behind them, a squeal of amazed anger. "No; I guess hog was right. Where are we going?"

He glanced over a shoulder. "Plenty of room to lift her over the treetops. And if those pigs don't get out of the way it'll be just too bad. Why, girl, you're my dance-partner, of course; and we're booked for the season. We're going up."

"Theresa married a multi-millionaire."

"So she's going away on a money-moon, eh?"



FANGS

(Continued from page 13)

dully as he saw that the room assigned to Huntley was dark. His guest was there all right, for he had promised not to leave the place until Winslow returned.

Shadows crossed the square of light that was the window of Conchita's room. He stole up to the sill, blood roaring in his ears, hands clenched. And then a red mist rose up blindingly before his eyes... Huntley was standing before the couch—with Conchita's lithe body relaxed in his arms. His breath escaped with a sound like the hiss of a striking snake as he backed away. He did not need to see more, could not have endured seeing more...

The second evening he came home, apparently the same as before.

"Glad you came, Walt," said Huntley. "I've had a cable from the firm. Must leave for Panama today. Will you crate one of those male corals for me? I've given about every other kind of thing to my hometown zoo but a coral snake."

"Glad to, Ed," he assented. "The females are having young ones now, and we're trying to sell all the surplus stock."

Winslow made the crate with his own hands. Pedro, his trusted major-domo brought a fine male specimen in the net. Winslow made sure that Pedro saw him drop the male in the shipping cage. Then he sent Pedro to the house on a plausible errand. Alone, he quickly emptied the male coral back into his pen, and netted a female, almost ready to bear young. When Pedro returned from the house Winslow was carefully arranging the cloth that would shade the cage on its way

to the steamer; the snake was partly buried in straw. Sometime that night, in Huntley's stateroom the young corals would be born. The netting would hold the female but not the young. They would be all over him before morning; and Huntley had said: "*What a death to die!*"

HOURS LATER in the patio, while Winslow smoked and sipped his wine, waiting, Conchita lay back wearily in his arms: "It is so good to be alone again, my husband," she whispered. "But Mr. Huntley was very nice. That night when you had gone away one of those baby corals got into the house some way. He fell out of my shawl and I faint. Senor Huntley carry me to my room and bring water for my head... But I do not like blonde men..."

"Pedro!" Winslow's voice was like a thunderclap as Conchita staggered back.

"What, maestro?" the major-domo stepped coolly in.

"Wire the *Carmela Queen* that the snake in Huntley's stateroom is a female, that her young will poison the ship before morning!"

"Senor, the *Carmela Queen* has not wireless, but there is no need of worry. I have discovered the mistake you make in time to give Senor Huntley a male snake."

A great sob broke from Winslow's throat as he crushed Conchita in his arms... Softly the major-domo tip-toed out, a broad smile on his swarthy face.

A DATE FOR TONIGHT

(Continued from page 10)

glance as she looked down at Martin, and pity, and something else that might have been admiration, for Martin, despite the undue gravity of his natural expression, was exceedingly pleasant to look upon.

Martin was overcome with embarrassment. He felt that the girl was waiting for him to say something. He wanted to speak, but he couldn't. Despite the fact that tonight she wore red with skirts that swept down to her slippers, he could not forget the sweet curves of her form that had been so boldly revealed by the brief yellow bathing suit she had worn in the morning. The memory flustered him.

"After a minute she giggled. "Aren't you dancing?" she asked him.

Martin rose awkwardly. "I—I don't dance very well," he confessed to her.

"Then," she retorted with the utmost assurance, "I'll just sit down and have a drink with you. What have you got there?"

"Ginger ale," Martin answered.

"My dear!" she exclaimed in mock consternation, "Don't you know that ginger ale is absolute poison down here in the tropics unless you put something with it? Haven't you got a flask on you?"

Martin confessed that he didn't possess one. He felt terribly inadequate to the whole situation.

"Never mind," the girl hastened to relieve his embarrassment, "the night is still young, and I know plenty of places. Have you seen the swimming pool when it's lighted?" Martin shook his head dumbly, and she jumped up with a gay, "Come on, I'll show you."

She led him away from the tables into the garden. Couples strolled by them in the luminous darkness. Above, among the slow swaying palm fronds, amber lights glowed with a fairylike radiance. Before them the flight of steps to the swimming pool swept upward toward the low swinging stars of the tropics.

Together they mounted the stairway. Ship's lanterns upon the balustrades

threw a warm glow upon them. Martin, glancing diffidently down at his companion, thought that he had never seen a girl half so lovely. For a moment he wondered if he might not be dreaming.

At the top of the steps they paused. The girl stood close beside him so that he caught the odor of her hair and felt the soft pressure of her shoulder against him. Her nearness thrilled him and frightened him.

Before them lay the pool, translucent with greenish light from hidden sources beneath its surface. About its edges before the cabanas gay groups sat at small painted tables, drinking and laughing, listening to the music drifting up from the garden. As they watched, a nymph in a sea green bathing suit poised at the edge of the pool, then dove in a graceful arc into the water.

The girl dropped her hand upon Martin's arm. "Come on," she said to him, "I'll show you something you'll like even better."

She led him past the pool, past the cabanas, to a balustraded balcony fronting the ocean. Behind them were the windowless green walls of the pool cabanas, before them the sea in the glory of moonlight. Somewhere in the night jasmine bloomed, drenching them with its fragrance. A tall lantern at the corner of the balustrade threw a dim light upon the girl's upturned face and upon the curves of her youthful figure.

"It's like fairyland, isn't it?" she asked him.

And Martin answered with a choking feeling in his throat, "I never knew that a place or people could be like this. It's all unreal to me. It's as if I were in the midst of an Arabian Night's dream, as if I had suddenly been transplanted to a new world where there are no such things as work or worry or responsibilities. It—it's like being released from prison. There's something in the atmosphere that makes one feel free to do the things one has always wanted but never dared to do."

The girl stood very close to him, her



So What?

And now you'll fall for
Sophie Lecker,
She makes the most
Convenient necker.

"DOESN'T SHE WEAR
BECOMING DRESSES?"

"YEAH — BECOMING
TIGHTER AND THIN-
NER."



"Her bathing suit reminds
me of a barbed wire fence.
It surrounds the property
without obstructing the
view."

face upturned, provocative in its loveliness. "Why not?" she questioned softly.

And suddenly the inhibitions of years dropped from Martin Cavendish. His arms drew the girl's soft body close against him, his head bent down to meet her willing lips. For a long moment he strained her to him, feeling the beating of her heart, drinking deep of a sweetness that turned his blood to fire and made his senses swim in a strange, delightful madness.

Then, laughing, she drew away from him. "You're not so slow when you get started," she said a little breathlessly. "I think we'd better join the crowd. It's a little early in the evening yet for—for some things."

The rest of that evening was like a fantastic dream to Martin Cavendish. The girl led him to a table by the swimming pool where men and girls, some few in evening clothes, others in bathing costume, were laughing and drinking. There were introductions—somehow she knew his name, insistent demands that he join them. They made him one of them, plied him with unfamiliar, delicious drinks that raised his spirits and made his head swim giddily. He laughed and flirted with the girls about the table, danced with them to the music of the distant orchestra. But mostly he gave his attention to the girl who had brought him there. She was called Patty—her last name didn't matter. She was wholly wonderful, fascinating, beautiful—provocative to his senses, inspiring him to words and thoughts that to him had always been strangers. She was the Scheherazade of this evening's entertainment.

MARTIN AWOKE next morning with a throbbing in his head and a dull pain behind his eyes. This surprised him, for in his conservative and well ordered life there had been little experience with the familiar symptoms of the morning after. For some moments he lay with his eyes closed trying to recall what had happened. The incidents of last evening's gayety came slowly back to him, a confused blur of music, laughter, attractive women, and a great many glasses of tall sparkling liquids. Dimly he recalled a

climactic episode, his chase of the slim nymph in the green bathing suit and his plunge, fully dressed, into the pool in pursuit of her. The memory stung him to wide awake consciousness. Could it be possible that he, the staid and conservative Martin Cavendish, had shared in so bacchanalian an orgy? He opened his eyes and sat up in bed suddenly. The movement made his head swim with giddiness, and it was an appreciable interval before he could concentrate upon his surroundings. Then an involuntary exclamation escaped him. Nothing about him was in the least way familiar!

He remembered distinctly the arrangement and furnishings of his own hotel bedroom, and to this room it bore not the faintest resemblance. In the first place this room was larger, and the fronds of a palm tree waved outside the window, while he knew that his own room looked over the ocean. The furniture, too, was decidedly different. But the sight that caused Martin's stomach to contract with a sudden violent spasm of horror was the dainty silk underthing draped over a chair back. He couldn't have named it, but he knew it was feminine. His frantically questing glance only brought confirmation of his first moment's impression. There, on table and dresser, were articles quite foreign to a masculine toilet, while, horror upon horror, close by his bedside was a pair of high heeled yellow slippers!

Martin cast a fearful glance sidewise. Heaven be thanked, he was the bed's only occupant. But this failed to make him feel very much better—the implications of the whole situation were too clear to allow of misinterpretation. The fact that he had spent the night in the girl Patty's bedroom was as plain as—as that disturbing silk underthing.

A sound drew his attention—a sound and then the suddenly recognized odor of coffee. Until this moment the footboard of the bed had prevented him noticing the door of a room which he guessed to be a small kitchen. Now, craning his neck, Martin peered cautiously over the footboard. One horrified glance was enough for him—a girl, with her back to him, was bending over a table. Martin glimpsed shapely bare shoulders and a pair of slim feminine legs before in a

panic of fright he dove back on his pillow.

Martin lay perfectly still with his eyes closed as wave after wave of horror passed over him. What a terrible situation to find himself in. If this should get back to Boston—to the ears of May Easton, for instance, his reputation would be utterly ruined.

A cheerful voice from the kitchen recalled him from the panic of his speculations.

"Coffee's ready," it called. "I'll bring you a cup if you're awake now."

Involuntarily Martin opened his eyes and glanced toward the kitchen. Through the small space between the bed and the footboard he saw two slender bare legs in motion, and undoubtedly moving in his direction. This was too awful! He closed his eyes tightly again and tried to look convincingly as if he were sleeping. Footsteps approached and paused at his bedside.

"Wake up," said the voice, a delightfully pleasant voice even under the circumstances. "It's nearly eleven and your coffee's ready."

"I am awake," mumbled Martin.

"Well, then, sit up and try a cup of hot coffee. You probably need it—I'll bet you've got a head like an overgrown pumpkin."

But Martin only closed his eyes tighter. "How can I sit up," he complained, "unless you go and put on some clothes?"

The girl's voice held both surprise and amusement. "Why I've got on plenty of clothes, at least for Miami. And they're very cute rompers, too—you'll say they are when you see them."

Thus reassured, Martin ventured to open his eyes and regard her. In her brief backless rompers she seemed even prettier than she had the previous evening. His eyes traveled upwards to her face. Its candid youthfulness seemed in direct contradiction to the thoughts he'd been thinking.

And yet the facts were conclusive—here he was in her bedroom. Was she an adventuress, a shameless wanton? Looking into her smiling eyes, Martin knew that she could not be. And, yet, how could she take this situation so nonchalantly? He could not detect a shade

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of embarrassment. She must be courageously hiding her shame under a light hearted manner. Groaning in spirit, Martin pictured himself as a conscienceless satyr luring a girl to moral destruction. He had seen newspaper headlines describing such persons—they were usually referred to as human hyenas. At all events, to his Puritan conscience there seemed only one course for him.

"Look here, Patty," he blurted abruptly, "Would—would you care to marry me?"

The girl laughed down at him. "You have got a hang over," she chided him lightly. "You asked me to marry you three times last evening, but I thought you'd be sobered up by this morning."

"I am perfectly sober," said Martin indignantly. "But—but after what apparently happened last night, although I assure you I do not remember it, I feel that I can do nothing less than ask you to marry me."

The girl sat down suddenly upon the edge of the bed. She rocked back and forth in hysterical merriment. "Oh, you precious infant," she gasped, "where have you been since the year 1890?"

"This is your bedroom," Martin said stiffly, "and it seems to me that if you—I—we—"

"Darling," gasped the girl, still shaking with laughter, "I'll relieve your mind instantly. This is my bedroom, alright, but really we didn't. I spent the night across the hall in Nell Bently's apartment. She's the girl who wore the green bathing suit—you met her last evening.

You see, after you fell in the pool, you were in no shape to be taken through the hotel lobby. So the boys helped us bring you here, and then I deserted you. You're perfectly safe—you haven't been compromised." She relapsed again into hysterical laughter. "But, oh, how I wish May Easton could have seen you!"

"May Easton!" Martin exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes," said the girl, "she's an old friend of mine. She wrote me that you were coming down here, and that you were a good guy, but that you needed a course in Miami night life to loosen you up a bit. I guessed it was you on the beach this morning and asked your name of the gate man. So you see it's all right, and you don't need to marry me."

Martin was conscious of a vague disappointment. "I see," he said dubiously. "I guess that I behaved pretty badly. I owe you an apology."

"You were pretty well boiled," Patty conceded, "but you did nothing worse than ask me to marry you."

"And that," said Martin suddenly brazen, "proves that I wasn't nearly as boiled as I might have been. I'm going to ask you again. Will you marry me, Patty?"

Laughing, the girl jumped up from the bedside. "Drink your coffee," she ordered. "Don't you know that no proposal is valid here in Miami unless it is made beneath the palms in the moonlight?"

"You've got a date for tonight," Martin said boldly.

THE PEST

(Continued from page 44)

and, as Fred took a stance beside her, she called out in simulated huskiness, "Come in."

Claude opened the door to behold her flinging her arms about Fred and kissing him with vulgar passion.

"Shirley!" he cried.

The pajama-clad Fred got up and stared at him menacingly—or, at least, with what he thought was a menacing look.

Shirley shoved herself up and laughed

as she believed a drunken girl laughed. "Lo, Claude . . . when I says come in I—Ididn't t'ink was you. Espectin' boy with some gin. See? What you mean bustin' in my private 'arty like dis?" She drew her negligee about her tightly, put her arms around Fred's neck and pulled him down beside her on the sofa.

Claude stepped over like a man in a hurry to save a life and released Shirley's arms with a vigorous jerk. He glared furiously at Fred. "You dirty scoundrel!

Leading this girl on like this!" His face twisted. "You—you—" he grabbed the surprised Fred from the sofa and swung a fist in his face. Fred reclined—this time on the floor, while Phylis choked a horrified "Oh!" from her bedroom look-out.

Shirley was gaping as if stunned to immobility. Claude knelt beside her. "You poor girl, Shirley. I know you're good at heart. I can overlook anything. This doesn't make any difference to me, Shirley. Now, don't let it worry you, dear."

Whereupon Shirley, finding her scheme reduced to ashes of failure, finding her co-conspirator disabled, went hot with rage. She got up from the sofa, stared wildly for a fraction of a moment at the young man before her, and then, without further ceremony, swung her right with all the strength she could concentrate in it.

Bodily the blow was moderate, but mentally it jarred Mr. Claude Fulton like a major earthquake. His angel in negligee with another man in pajamas! With the nobility of a martyr he forgives her. Forgives her, and—blasphemy!—she smacks him in the face.

A silence loaded with tenseness ensued.

The muscles in Claude's face twitched, although his body was rigid. It seemed as if his face were waiting for a metamorphosis that was taking place in his body to reach his countenance. Apparently it arrived. With amazing coolness he said: "Shirley, you are not good."

She remained silent, her expression a haughty smirk.

He turned and went out the door.

"That's that!" Shirley breathed with a great sigh of relief as the door closed behind him. "He's gone . . . at last, and for good. And he'll never, never bother me again, thank heaven!"

But she didn't know her Claude.

An hour later a messenger boy arrived. The message was from Claude, and it read:

I always wanted to be near you because I loved you for your goodness. Now, I'll begin to love you for your badness. I'll be over tomorrow night, Shirley—with my pajamas!

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The New York Times

LARGE WAISTLINE HELD HEALTH PERIL

Middle-Aged Man Who Keeps
His Small Lives Longer, Gov-
ernment Bureau Says.

FIGURES SHOW DIRECT LINK

Overweight People Have Worst
of It in Mortality Tables
Covering 15 Causes.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24 (AP).—The man who keeps his waistline small when he reaches middle age is the most likely to win the race for health, is the conclusion drawn from a new study of the relation of weight to physical defects just published by the Public Health Service.

"By the time that middle age is reached, these figures indicate, it is a definite advantage to be under the average weight for height," says the report.

It also shows "a great excess of mortality among overweight persons, whatever the age, and also an excess among young adult underweight persons."

The conclusions are drawn from records of more than 3,000 men from 1909 to 1928, showing the ratio of actual deaths to expected mortality, according to different weight groups. In the following table, figures below 100 indicate less than the expected death rate; those above 100 indicate more than the expected death rate:

Weight Class.	20-29.	Age Group.	30-39.	40-49.	50 and Over.
25 pounds or more underweight—					
	118	105	83	77	
10 to 20 lbs. ...	101	94	76	85	
5 lbs. under to 5 lbs. overweight—					
	92	84	87	92	
10 to 20 pounds overweight ...	99	88	94	90	
25 to 45 pounds overweight ...	113	123	125	119	
50 lbs. or more overweight ...	163	143	144	130	

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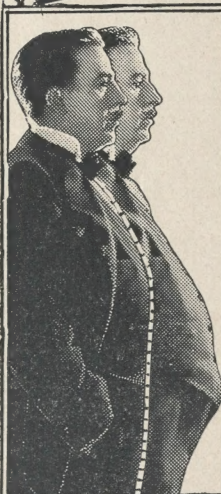
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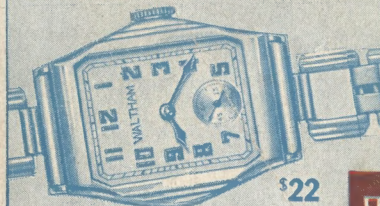
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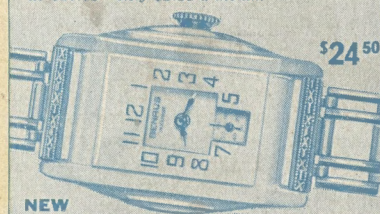
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